THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO. 13. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PARNELL IN MEATH.

Great Demonstration at Navan in His Honor—He Makes a Telling Speech.

An Interesting Reminiscence of the Days of John Martin in the House of Commons.

The series of demonstrations which Mr. Parnell attended Sunday, March 1, on his way to Meath, which culminated in the heart of his old constituency in the largest meeting that has been held in Meath since O'Connell's time, was a significant answer to those who said that Meath had deserted the leader whom fifteen years ago they sent as a recruit to the Irish ranks. From Drogheda to Navan, as from Dublin to the city by the Boyne, the people assembled at all the stations to cheer and present addresses. The muster in Navan was in every way a most remarkable one, and from all places near the capital of Meath came deputations to swell the throng. The meeting in the town was a vast demonstration, and seldom before has there been a more thoroughly representative or so enthusiastic a meeting held in Ireland. The demonstrations proved conclusively that in the heart of Ireland, as at all the other places which Mr. Parnell has visited, there is nothing that can be by the widest stretch of imagination described as opposition.

When the train slowed before coming to the platform at Navan, the people's cheers rang out and were taken up all along the way. The platform was thronged by the townspeople, and in the streets leading to the railway station there were visitors from all the surrounding districts, who joined in the acclamations with all possible heartiness and enthusiasm. When the Irish leader was recognized by the throng the people rushed around him, and, amid a scene of wild enthusiasm, he was carried to a wagonette which was in waiting and in which he took his place. The horses were immediately unharnessed and the vehicle pulled along the streets of the town, which was spanned every few yards by arches of evergreens.

Mr. Parnell and his friends were entertained at luncheon in the hotel, which was admirably served. After the presentation of a large number of addresses of welcome and votes of confidence, the party proceeded to the platform, which had been erected in the square against the business establishment of Mr. Luke Smyth.

Mr. Parnell, who was received with loud and prolonged cheering, said:

Men of royal Meath, perhaps some day or other in the long distant future some one may arise who may have the privilege of addressing you as men of republican Meath (loud cheers). Of that future I know nothing, and shall predict nothing here. In estimating the position of the country in the present struggle I have to go back further than my own appearance amongst you, some sixteen years ago, when you first gave me the opportunity of serving Ireland in public life (cheers). I have to go back to the days of Frederick Lucas, who, as your representative, first planted the banner of independent opposition which I see before me, and which I have faithfully upheld (applause), and it was after a long interval—at the beginning of which that banner had been torn from the hands of Frederick Lucas by an alliance between the whigs of Ireland and some of those men who ought to have known better, and whom I shall not particularize (applause)—some of whom today attempted to perpetuate that alliance, and endeavored to bring us back to the evil times of 1852 (Cries of "Down with them")—when Ireland was left by Gavan Duffy, despairing of the future, as a corpse on the dissecting table. It was after that long interval, my friends, that Meath—before my time, before I was heard of—showed what she was made of when she returned honest John Martin (cheers) as her representative in the imperial parliament; and when I came amongst you I invoked the names of Lucas and John Martin, and I promised to be faithful to their teachings (cries of "So you were"). I had learned from Lucas in the pages of history; I had received instruction from Martin's own lips (cheers), and after my sixteen years' experience of Ireland I can come before you and I can ask you at what moment, at what single hour during these sixteen years have I ever been unfaithful (cries of "Never" and cheers) to the principles to which I then pledged myself? Don't suppose I want to magnify what we have done. Somebody said we have won a hundred fights; we may have won a hundred skirmishes, but I want to be allowed with you to win the battle (cheers). I never pledged myself to you at any time that we could do it for you in the imperial parliament. It is at best a heart breaking work, but I did feel that we could put the snaffle in the mouths of the landlords (cheers), and we did put it there (cries of "You did"), and I promised you that bye and bye, with a parliament in College green (cheers), that we will fit these same mouths with bit and bridle (cheers). And we will do that too (cheers). But I am anticipating. I tell you that I learned my lessons from the lips of John Martin. The first time that I was ever in the house of commons, and I was there shortly before Martin's death as a listener in the strangers' gallery, I heard him make a speech in the debate on the exclusion of John Mitchel, the elected of Tipperary, from the house of commons, and to my last days I shall remember those words, and they struck me as amongst the few honest words which were spoken either by friend or enemy in that debate. David Plunkett, member for the University of Dublin, had been put up on the government bench to denounce John Mitchel (hisses). It was reserved for an Irishman to disgracefully denounce an Irishman in that debate, and he said "This house is called upon to exclude John Mitchel from its precincts because he is a felon, and not only because he is a felon, because," he said, "there have been many felons honorable men of whom Ireland is proud, but, he continued, "because John Mitchel was a dishonorable felon," and then there was the usual amount of applause which greets any Irishman who denounces a fellow countryman in that assembly. Then came the time for poor John Martin to answer, and he was at death's door at the time. He expired shortly afterwards. I heard him say when he came out of the lobby afterwards, "I felt so faint that I dreaded I had not physical strength enough to answer this Irishman who had attempted to traduce my old friend John Mitchel. I prayed to God to give me strength necessary to return an adequate answer." And he gave it in noble and memorable words, which, as I have told you, I shall always remember, and which I am sure Irishmen will always remember. He said there, facing an assembly of 600 enemies—and unsympathetic enemies—"I was a fellow prisoner of John Mitchel's. He consulted me as to whether he was justified in escaping under the circumstances and I and others, his fellow prisoners, agreed with him that he was fully justified in attempting his escape; and if John Mitchel," said Martin, "was a dishonorable man, I, whom you all call honorable, am also a dishonorable man." Now, my friends, I come to the time in committee room No. 15, when your gallant members—Meath was always united—(cheers) stood united by my side against English dictation and intimidation. Mahoney and Shiel were there. You perhaps have seen during reviews in Phœnix Park—many of you—the small rallying squares that are formed by devoted bands of men, few in number, until the main body of their comrades can come up to the rescue. You have seen these men, 20 or 30 in number, fix bayonets, form squares, drop on their knees, and defend their officer until the rest of the army arrive to help; but such was the position of myself and my colleagues in No. 15 committee room. We were surrounded by a host of enemies. I could not attempt, if I had the eloquence of Demosthenes and the ability of Cicero, to depict to you the extraordinary system that was carried on throughout the house of commons and throughout London for the purpose of sapping and undermining the courage and independence of my colleagues. I could not describe it to you. I won't attempt to describe it to you. But there we were, 20 against 600, and we beat them (cheers). We drove the false majority of the seceders out before us from committee room No. 15 (cheers), and we showed what raw troops they were when they allowed the minority to drive them out. And we will drive them out of Ireland before we are done (cheers), and out of the house of commons (cheers). They will be in a worse plight than the bird which was sent out of Noah's ark and could not find a dry spot to rest its foot upon (cheers). And we did more, my friends. We defeated the machinations of the National Liberal Club. We foiled the weakness, treachery and cowardice of many of our colleagues. We were superior to the English intimidation which was brought against us through their press in the most unblushing fashion, and we gave time to everything that was solid, patriotic, and brave among our race at home and abroad to see the truth and rally to our support (cheers). And now I never was afraid of the result (cheers). I tell you, my friends, that if I had not had a colleague in No. 15 committee room, I would have gone back to the Irish people to get their verdict (cheers). I refuse to submit to any other judgment, and the time will soon come when you will be able to decide, and upon the unanimity of your decision depends to a large extent the near success of our movement (cheers). Let every Irish constituency imitate Meath. Let them be united. Let their town commissioners be united. Let them imitate the example of Navan town, Kells town, and of Trim town, the only corporate towns of Meath whose commissioners have unanimously sent their officials here today to greet me amongst you. Let them imitate Athboy, which for the very first time in her history is very nearly united (laughter). I may tell you, between ourselves, that in '75 Athboy was the only place in which there was any difference of opinion regarding myself, and where I had to be thankful for the kind services of the royal Irish constabulary (laughter). Let them imitate the example of Moynalty, with gallant Gather Kit Mullen (cheers). The old disciple of independent opposition for whom I was not good enough in '75, but who thinks me nothing worse of the wear today (laughter and applause). Let them imitate the example of the Gaelic clubs of Meath who to a man have rallied to our side, and let our enemies take warning of these signs and tokens; let them stand aside from the irresistible flood of Irish opinion; let them free themselves from the entanglements of English party alliance, and from the webs which have been woven around them by this Grand Old Spider (laughter); let such of them as are honest do this in time. The gates of repentance will be open to them; if they wait until it is too late the gates will be shut and they will be marked in the pages of history as deliberate traitors to the cause of Ireland (loud cheers).

Light Hearts and Plenty Money.

I have completed my first week with my Plater, and have $24.25 clear money. I am charmed with the business. I bought my Plater from the Lake Electric Co., Englewood, Ill., for $3, and feel confident if people knew how cheap they could get a Plater, and how much money they could make, we would see many more happy homes. It is surprising the amount of tableware and jewelry there is to plate; and if persons now idle would get a Plater, they would soon have light hearts and plenty money.

CHARLES WOLFE.

An Interesting Sketch of the Life and Characteristics of the Gentle Irish Poet.

Sunny Queenstown, open to the balmy south wind, and with natural barriers between itself and all unkindly breezes has long been a favorite health retreat for those on whom the curse of the Irish climate—consumption—has set its seal. When the occasional cough has become a settled one, and the hectic has begun to flame on the cheek, then is there haste made to find "change of air" in the old town over the Cove. But the alarm often has been taken too late, and the deadly "sapper and miner" whose secret work is in the very vitals of the doomed, has already done its work of devastation too thoroughly for any mending to avail. The ancient burying ground across the hill has frequent graves on whose monuments the recorded ages show how many, in the flower of their youth and prime found not health nor hope in Queenstown, but a grave. Of all these resting places not one has ever touched us like that which, in a briery weed-grown corner of the roofless church enclosure, not far from the grave of Tobin, the dramatist, bears on its worn headstone the name of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, "who died at Cove the 21st of February, 1823, aged 31."

Seven years before '98 and its troubles, Charles Wolfe, the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe of the county Kildare, was born in Dublin. This Protestant family gave not a few people of distinction to the empire—Gen. Wolfe, the warrior of Quebec, and Lord Justice Kilwarden, being near relatives of young Charles. In 1809 he entered Dublin University and in 1817, being then 26 years old, he was ordained, and appointed to a curacy in the Armagh diocese. It was during his college career that he wrote his splendid ode on the burial of Sir John Moore, which Byron enthusiastically admired. The third stanza especially pleased Byron, and he would declaim it with great feeling—

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

But to us of Ireland who love his memory there is nothing in all that Wolfe has written more beautiful than his elegy composed to the exquisite old Irish air "Gramachree." In it [illegible] of the anguish that has rent so many of us have had to lay our beloved in the earth. Who of us that has known grief, that has heard the wind and the rain above a new-made grave, that in the silent night lives over past sorrows again can hear that song without blinding tears; can read it, even unmoved?

Air: "Gramachree."

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never thro' my mind had passed,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last
And thou shouldst smile no more!

* * * * *

If thou couldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart
And where thy smiles have been,
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still my own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart,
In thinking, too, of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore."

The Armagh curacy (Donoughmore) was a miserable one enough. The salary was very small, the village was a desolate place, surrounded by bog, and the congregation a very poor one, numbering many contentious spirits within it. The Presbyterians and Methodists harrassed the tolerant, kindly, easy going poet with arguments—free-will, election, predestination—all the well-worn weapons of the followers of Calvin and Wesley—but the sweetness of his disposition and his undoubted earnestness "in his own way" led them finally to leave him in peace and even to regard him with genuine affection and esteem.

A friend describes his home in Donoughmore at this time: "A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs piled up with his books, a small rickety table before the fireplace, covered with parish memoranda, and two trunks containing all his papers—serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor—constituted all the furniture of his sitting room. The mouldy walls of the closet in which he slept were hanging with loose folds of damp paper; and between this wretched cell and his parlor was the kitchen, which was occupied by a disbanded soldier, his wife and their numerous brood of children, who * * * seemed now in full possession of the whole concern, entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground, as the absolute lords of the soil."

Under these circumstances it is not strange that a hereditary predisposition to phthisis should assert itself, and when an outbreak of typhus in the village kept him constantly exposed to wet and cold in his visitations, the disease made rapid havoc in his constitution. No entreaties of alarmed friends prevailed with him until the fever had died out of the parish; then he consented to be taken in search of health. A stay at Bordeaux helped him slightly, and in the winter of 1823 he removed with his devoted sister to Queenstown, where, however, despite all the care and love that were lavished on him he sank gradually. Gentle, grateful, uncomplaining and affectionate he passed to rest as peacefully as a child.

His personal appearance is described by Archdeacon Stuart: "In stature he was rather above the ordinary height. * * * His complexion was fair, approaching to redness; his hair, which hung in somewhat neglected and graceful ringlets covered a high but not very expansive forehead; his eyes were not large, but a little prominent, the color blue intermixed with a dark shade which gave them the impress of intellect and intelligence." His disposition was genial and sunny, and before his health was irretrievably gone his own description of his friend Grierson thoroughly fitted himself:

"So bold and frank his bearing, boy,
Should you meet him onward faring, boy,
In Lapland's snow
Or Chili's glow
You'd say, what news from Erin, boy?

He has a curious mind, boy,
'Tis jovial, 'tis refined, boy,
'Tis richly fraught
With random thought,
And feelings wildly kind, boy."

JULIA M. CROTTIE.

BIGOTRY IN POLITICS.

[*To the Editor.*]

Permit me to call the attention of the readers of THE CITIZEN to the following clipping from the *Tribune* of the 12th inst., one of a series of similar communications which have lately appeared in the columns of the local press:

OBJECTS TO HEMPSTEAD WASHBURNE.

CHICAGO, March 11.—*Editor of the Tribune:* If Hempstead Washburne is put up on the Republican ticket he will be defeated sure. The Sons of America and kindred societies are down on Catholicism, and these societies can control 25,000 votes, and all will go solidly against Washburne because his wife is a Catholic. Let me assure you this is straight goods, and supporters of Washburne will admit it on the morning of April 8. I travel around Chicago a great deal and find there is an intense feeling among people who don't make much noise in the world against the Irish. This feeling is among Americans and other nationalities. In the office where the writer works there are four men, good Republicans too, who will vote against Washburne. Let him be put up and a great mistake will be made.

REPUBLICAN.

Under ordinary circumstances comment would be unnecessary, but the constantly increasing frequency and virulence of these attacks may be the excuse of a liberal Catholic Democrat for protesting against this plan of campaign. I have used the word Democrat only to show that I am not of Mr. Hempstead Washburne's party. I speak merely as an Irishman to whom the bigotry of the "Deputies" has become intolerable.

In a political campaign a candidate's enemies diligently seek for and repeated ly emphasize the worst things which may be said about him. Many scandalous things have been said of political candidates heretofore, but to the mayoralty contest of this city and this year has been reserved the climax of personal arraignment. As a Catholic, with Catholic sisters, I am daily insulted with the cry that Hempstead Washburne—or any other man similarly afflicted—cannot be elected to an office because he has been so unfortunate as to entrust his love, his honor and his name to a Roman Catholic woman. I do not know the candidate referred to in the above article, but I do know many Protestants who, although handicapped by wives of Mrs. Washburne's faith, have creditably filled executive and administrative positions, and I honor the man who, having been in public office, is open to no more serious charge than that brought against Mr. Washburne by this alleged Republican and others of his ilk.

IRISH CATHOLIC.

Rome Preparing for the Spring Election.

[*Loyal American.*]

The Irish Romanists in several wards have met and organized "Irish Republican clubs," and passed resolutions endorsing a Mr. Washburne for mayor. This is sufficient to set the Americans to work, hunting a candidate that Irish Romanists do not want. As soon as we heard of this action by these hyphenated Americans, we began to enquire to learn why these public school haters, the subjects of a pretender 3,000 miles away, preferred this man Washburne, and we find that if the prospective candidate is not in their communion, he has a *life partner* who is bound to the Roman octopus.

It is a notorious fact that when the Roman priests find they cannot put up one of their *dupes*, they do the next best thing, put up a man with a Roman wife, with the hope of ruling the man through his wife. If the Republican party think they can achieve a victory by catering to the Roman factions, they are blind and foolish. The loyal men of this city are tired of the Brenans, Onahans, Quirks, *et al*, who fatten at the City Crib, without regard to party or majorities. This man Washburne may be a very worthy citizen, but Chicago has had quite enough of being ruled through the Roman confessional; it is time that it was stopped. The only way to do it is to nominate men for municipal offices who cannot be influenced through the Roman confessional, who have no regard for the (so called) *sacraments* of money getting, "red cap hunting" priests, who are always aliens in any land they may afflict by their presence.

[The foregoing screed is marked by bad logic, worse geographical knowledge and the worst possible citizen spirit. The person who wrote it ought to be disfranchised as a rebel against the American constitution, under which all men stand upon a plane of equality as regards civil and religious liberty.]

The Great American Chorus.

Sneezing, snuffling and coughing! This is the music all over the land just now. "I've got such an awful cold in my head." Cure it with Ely's Cream Balm or it may end in the toughest form of catarrh. Maybe you have catarrh now. Nothing is more nauseous and dreadful. This remedy masters it as no other ever did. Not a snuff nor a liquid. Pleasant, certain, radical.

IN GOLDSMITH'S LAND.

Miss Banim Tells of Monuments of Interest and Antiquity.

Athlone and the Surrounding Country Graphically Described.

What is it that prompts so many of our emigrants to brag and boast and lie? Ill-health, unhappiness, over-strain, and but very poor success are indelibly stamped upon this man's face and form. He admits that he has not done more than barely "got along," yet before five minutes have passed the spirits of brag, boast and lie have got full possession of him, and he is talking away scornfully at all the old man's and the old country's struggles, as if he had seen never a one across the sea. "We aint independent ourselves," he says, speaking of a brother and himself, "but we works, and if we aint got work at home, wall, we go out and seek it. But Kate" (*Kate*, mind) "is well-to-do, I guess. Why don't you send Annie out to Kate? What business has a fine young girl like that in this forgotten country?" (He had, not so long ago, thought he should die if he did not see it again). Why don't you send her out where she'll get work and pay?"—and so on, the old man growing silent and thoughtful as he listens, feeling the words "it is for her good" as a reproach to his longing to keep one child—only one—to be a light to him in his last years. Cows in Connaught have long horns, old man.

Throngs of men and women and cattle move up and down the narrow street, all life, stir and bustle, with nothing but an iron paling and the drooping boughs of those beautiful linden trees between all this life and the quiet dwelling place of the dead around us in here. Sometimes passing it by, the fancy has taken me that it is pleasant for those old Athlonians who are buried here so close to home, where they have not lost all companionship with the living. About many of the tombstones there is quite an air of taking a lively interest in passing people and events; some lie quiet enough, their raised lettering, of

EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY,

looking like eyes wide open and gazing placidly upwards; others push and stoop and stretch over, as if taking a look at all going on outside. Then again, never have I listened to the cracked voice of the bell in the tower beside us that I have not thought of its history, and how it, an honest old Irish bell, was made to ring out the signal for the final attack on the Irish of Athlone in 1691. "There is a tradition," said a native of the town to me, "that the old bell of St. Mary's was long ago one of the bells of Clonmacnoise, and that a holy spirit lived within it. It had a sweet, silvery tone that could be heard up and down the Shannon for five miles each way, but, ever since that day in 1691, that it rang the death knell of our people, its voice has never been but as you hear it now—harsh and discordant."

The belfry in which hangs this bell directly faces the street, and is all that remains of the first Protestant church built in Athlone, in 1620, upon the site of an ancient Catholic church, by Oliver St. John, Lord Grandison, President of Connaught. A few broken stones, portions of monuments, curious Celtic crosses, etc., are all that remain of the Catholic building, which stood here previous to the Reformation and subsequent confiscation of its lands and rents. These stones are preserved at the rectory. Of the church of 1620 several monuments remain about the grounds, as well as in the walls of the modern building, an exceedingly pretty little structure in its interior. The tombs tell only of the English settlers of various periods, for the rich lands of Westmeath were early and many times over parcelled out among Normans, Elizabethans, and Cromwellians. The oldest tomb is that "Erected for the Right Worshipful

MATTHEW DE RENZI, KNIGHT,

who departed this life the 29th of August, 1634; being of the age of 57 years; born at Cullen in Germany and descended from that famous and renowned warrior, George Castrott, als Scanderbege (who in the Christian War fought 32 battalies with great conquest and honor against the Great Turke). He was a great traveler and linguist, and kept correspondency with most nations in many weighty affairs; and in three years gave great perfection to this nation by compesinge a grammer, distionary, and chronicle in the Irish tongue. In accompts most expert and exceedinge all others to his great applause." If I am not mistaken, the family of this Matthew de Renzi removed to the county Wexford, where they still hold, or held until a few years ago, the property of Clobemon Hall. The last Matthew de Renzi died some years since in New York, but some of the family yet live, and perhaps have, among old relics some copy or copies of the grammar, dictionary, and chronicle in the Irish tongue.

In the year 1767 a brother of Oliver Goldsmith was curate of St. Mary's, and as two sisters of the poet died in the town it is probable they were buried here. There are also the tombs of several citizens who saw the sieges of 1690-1691; but there is one tomb missing that is supposed by some to have been purposely destroyed at the restoration of the church in 1827; it is that of Col. Grace, the brave old Governor of Athlone in 1690, who was killed while defending the town in 1691, and was buried in this churchyard. Nothing is now known among the townspeople as to what really became of Col. Grace's monument, which lay, strange to say, so close to the belfry whence rang the old soldier's death knell.

We leave St. Mary's, pausing outside the churchyard railings to look back at the winding street behind and then down the steep and narrow St. Francis street right in face of us, and here we have one of the prettiest scenes in the town; the narrow, the old but well-kept houses lit up so warmly by the slanting sun; the trees almost reaching over to touch that quaint old house, and, far down at the end of Frances street, the pale blue, limpid waters and the meadows, green and fresh, beyond in Connaught. In Frances street is

THE FRANCISCAN FRIARY,

standing on the ground of a Franciscan monastery founded in 1224 by Cathal Crovdearg O'Conor, King of Connaught, and brother to Roderick O Conor, the last King of Ireland. This Cathal Crovdearg was a celebrated king and warrior, surnamed Crovdearg, or "of the red, or Bloody hand," from the many battles he fought against the English. He "destroyed more of the traitors and enemies of Ireland than any other had done; the chief supporter of the clergy and benefactor of the poor and indigent—a man in whom God had implanted more goodness and greater virtues than any other of the Irish nobility of his time. From the period of his wife's death till his own he led a single and virtuous life. Among the many victories he gained was the battle of Knockmoy, A. D. 1189, in which he cut off the English forces commanded by the valiant Almeric de St. Lawrence, ancestor to the earls of Howth. In commemoration of his battle, he founded a great Cistercian monastery at Knockmoy, in the county Galway." (Annals.) He died, having received the habit of a Grey Friar at the Monastery of Knockmoy in the same year that he founded the monastery at Athlone, and a curious account is given by the Annalists of an epidemic which prevailed that year. They tell that an awful and strange shower fell in Connaught, followed by terrible diseases and distempers among the cattle that grazed on the land where this shower fell, and their milk produced extraordinary diseases in the persons who drank it. "It was manifest that these were evil omens, foreboding misfortunes to the people of Connaught, as they sustained irreparable loss and calamity in the same year by the death of Cathal Crovdearg." He was interred at Knockmoy, where some remains of his magnificent monument are yet to be seen.

A few steps further on is a little bit of scenery as rustic as it is picturesque, that seems as if transplanted from out some distant village. This is "The Pawn," formerly a space inside the town wall where the Dublin Gate, the Keep, and the city wall crossed over before St. Mary's Dyke and down to the Shannon. Here is yet a part of the town wall, and across the street, in the garden behind the houses, and just near the Franciscan convent, is another portion, and on it the largest and sweetest of blackberries grow, for I can say I ate blackberries gathered off the old walls of Athlone, beside where the English cannon made the first breach in the attack on the town in 1691.

The Bawn is really just like what its name brings to our minds. It wants but a green hedge around it to be perfect, with its neat thatched cottage, the picture of snugness within; its stables and horses; the grooms and the country people coming and going, and, above all, Mr. McIntyre's, or, as the Athlonians call him, Mr. Mac's, cheerful face and jovial voice enlivening all, while his good wife sits and sews on the bench outside, or just within the half-door. This is the principal posting establishment in Athlone; and well it is for the tourist who can secure the guidance of the proprietor himself, for he is

A COUNTY WESTMEATH MAN

born and bred, knows every man and stick and stone from the Bawn to any given place around, and especially does he know every mother's son of the people from Athlone to Ballymahon, a district that includes the country Goldsmith lived in, loved, and wrote of. All who can should try and put comehether on Mr. Mac to drive them himself to Auburn, for a cheerier, more good-natured and chattier conductor they could not find.

After passing the Bawn we have, for a few yards houses of a smaller size than, but as neat as, their higher neighbors, and with those delightful institutions of earlier days—half doors. What can be more agreeable, useful and neighborly in a country town on its quiet days than a half door? It shuts out the ground breeze, the stray dog, and many another stray; it shuts in the children, gives a sense of security to the woman of the house while she does a "hand's turn" in the kitchen; it makes a perch, well out of the reach of dogs, for the comfortable house cat, and, in idle moments, is the most useful of supports for the good woman's elbows while she has a gossip with the neighbors or takes notes of the passers-by. It is more dignified and respectable than the modern all-open shop doors, for it makes the house appear somehow more its owner's castle, and is, moreover, a prompter to good manners, for, while undoing the latch the visitor has time to think of a "God save all here," or some such polite self-introduction. Half-doors were a good institution, giving much privacy, yet not settling their faces inhospitably against the world.

The street suddenly expands into a fine open space, with good houses on either hand, where, to the left, is an old-established hotel—Haire's Hotel; at each end a single house faces the square, and right and left of these four ways branch off. One we have just come by, one leads round by the back of the Bawn; one to a long suburb called Irishtown, and the fourth leads to the beautiful new Catholic church of St. Mary's, and also to the aptly-named suburb of new villas called Garden Vale, and then away by many a pleasant road into the country.

This space is St. Mary's Dyke or Marsdyke street, where in old times the dyke ran outside the walls. It is now

THE LEINSTER MARKET PLACE.

Here, the summer through, the calves and the bonhams are sold on a Saturday, and the weekly sale of snow-white lambs is held in the square before the church. I believe we every one have a sort of romantic feeling in that it is a sin and a shame to sell and kill lambs, although we none of us refuse to eat roast lamb. However false the sentiment may be, I have always hurried away from the vicinity of the lambs, while quite callous and amused over the kishful of natty little pink bonhams, stowed so artistically, heads and points in the carts, the latter taken off the horses and let down so as to display the full beauty of the bonham show. These are not going to be killed immediately, only fattened so they get no pity. Not so the rows and knots of gentle, weary calves, sadly laying their heads on each other's necks for comfort, or, as the day wears on, lying down, huddled meekly together. They do not care for the lordly policeman (with a capital P in the country), who so authoritatively commands that country lad to draw off his car from before the shop where the boy's mother is finishing her day's purchases by choosing, for the little girls at home, packages of sweets at the meal shop, where can be had Home Rule sweets, made up in packets stamped with the harp, the wolf-dog, and the round tower of Clonmacnoise; and where also Mr. Parnell and Mr. John Dillon are offered to the Athlone ladies as the best matches.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Dr. E. T. Miller, of Cross Plains, Wis., has expressed the opinion that, for obstinate cases of syphilis and scrofula, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is unquestionably the most effective remedy known to pharmacy. Wonderful cures have resulted from its use.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FRENCH FLEET SAILS.

Awaiting further commands from Carnot, Tone spent the next few days in great unrest. Bound by his word to the Directory, he was unable to communicate the secret of the recent stir in Irish affairs to Eugene, who was in high delight, but in much bewilderment, over the swift turn which matters had taken. For, whereas before the name of Ireland was not even mentioned, now the name was constantly on the lips of the high officials of the war office. A hundred surmises were broached as to the cause of the sudden change, but all equally futile, and dismissed after a moment's consideration. For Tone kept carefully locked, even from him, the knowledge that he alone carried in his breast.

They were seated in Tone's apartment discussing affairs one evening shortly after, when the landlady came up with a letter for the latter, which a messenger had brought. It was marked "In haste, and confidential."

"I wonder who is this from," he said as he glanced at the superscription. "It is unofficial and I am unacquainted with the handwriting. Here goes, however," he added carelessly, breaking the seal.

He had read only a few lines, however, when he started up and paced the room.

"Why this is wonderful, gentlemen! This is astounding!" cried he excitedly.

"What is it—what is the news?" asked, simultaneously, MacNevin and Eugene.

"Here is the letter—read it," handing the note to the latter.

"Why, it is from François," said Eugene, glancing at the signature.

"Read it aloud. Let us hear what it says," said McNevin impatiently.

"Here it is:

[Private]

"ROCHELLE, Friday—*Citizen Tone:* This is to inform you that we sail from Rochelle tomorrow for the Irish coast—1,600 men, with artillery and ammunition. Humbert commands. FRANCOIS."

MacNevin gave a long whistle, whilst all three looked at one another in much bewilderment and astonishment.

"What *is* the matter with this, gentlemen? Are the fates playing us a freak of fortune, or is the letter a bogus one?"

"The letter is genuine. It is François' writing, and he does not usually play pranks—at least not in matters of moment."

"It is difficult to say," said Tone perplexedly.

"Sixteen hundred men! They might as well send a corporal's guard. Of what earthly use are sixteen hundred men?" insisted MacNevin.

"It depends upon circumstances. It is a small force no doubt, but if landed on the coast Wexford or Dublin ——"

"I venture to say that is precisely what they will *not* do," broke in MacNeven impatiently. "And if not they might as well send them to Iceland."

"Surprising that François does not say where they are destined for—what part of the coast," said Eugene.

"Very likely he does not know," said MacNevin irritably.

"More likely he did not like to run the risk of stating in a message coming by hand."

"It is most tantalizing—this skeleton intelligence on such a weighty matter," said Eugene, with a vexation almost equal to that of MacNeven.

"I would venture a wager," said Tone, "I can guess the cause of your annoyance, Eugene."

"Easily guessed. It is the utter want of information," said Eugene.

"I doubt it."

"Well, what is it?"

"That you are not sailing with the expedition yourself."

"I confess," said Eugene, laughing, "there is something of that at foot of it. But they might at least have offered me command of one of the frigates."

"There is a higher command awaiting you maybap."

"It is not the rank of the appointment I care about. I should rather go as seaman before the mast than be left behind."

"Do you know what I think?" said Tone, after a few minutes' pause.

"No. What?"

"This expedition is but the forerunner of a larger one—a mere 'decoy duck' to distract attention."

"Perhaps so. I hope in heaven it may be so."

"You will find it is. It is out of the question to think that the Directory would have dispatched such a force on such a mission."

"But they might at least let us know what they were doing. Who would they consult but us?"

"What character does Humbert bear?"

"Excellent. A skilful, intrepid general. If circumstances are favorable, he will give a good account of treble his number."

"If it be not to late——"

"Hallo!" interrupted MacNevin, who had risen, and was standing at the window looking down on the street. "Here comes a hussar with a dispatch for one or other of you, gentlemen."

"So there is," said Eugene, walking to the window also, and looking down. "An orderly from the war office. His message may throw some light on the business."

"A letter for Citizen Tone," said the landlady, entering with a large official letter in her hands.

"Well, Tone—what is it? Who is it from?" asked MacNevin, as that gentle man broke the seal and read it.

"It is from Carnot—Citizen Carnot."

"From Carnot!" exclaimed both.

"What's the writer's name."

"For heaven's sake what dare he say? The Directory must be pretty much in earnest," said Eugene, "when *he* writes."

"He wishes to see me immediately," said Tone, handing him the letter."

"It is laconic enough. It is in his handwriting, however. Citizen Carnot does not waste words, no more than powder and shot.

"He used these latter to some advantage," commented Tone, as he proceeded to arrange his toilet.

"Yes, he managed to make the most of his bullets in the early days of the revolution. He had not much ammunition—nor men either—to throw away."

"What can he have to say?' queried MacNevin. "I hope it may be that ten thousand men are being moblized at Havre for embarkation."

"Heaven knows."

"Well, the mystery will be soon out," said Eugene. "Meantime do not keep us too long in suspense, Tone. Come back as soon as the interview is over."

'Nothing worries me like suspense," said MacNevin. "I vote we have a cigar and a glass of Burgundy to while away the time."

"Here are both—at your service," said Tone. "And now for Citizen Carnot. Pray heaven he may maintain his old character as organizer of victory this one time."

Arrived at the war office, in the Hotel Louvre, Tone presented his card. He was quickly admitted, and ushered along corridor after corridor until he was shown into an ante chamber, magnificently furnished, and filled with generals in full uniform and other high officers awaiting an interview.

Tone, under other circumstances, would have been more or less embarrassed at the distinguished company in which he found himself—generals, ministers of state, foreign ambassadors, naval officers of high rank, all in glittering uniforms and with their insignia of rank. Here was an eastern ambassador with quaint fez and burnouse, and diamond star sparkling on his breast. There a distinguished general who had clutched honor, position, and renown from the ranks by desperate valor, as his sleeve well attested. Standing at the fireplace, in deep conversation with the Russian ambassador, was one whose name and fame were European, but whose ending was to be so ignoble and terrible—the general who carried his army safely in their famous retreat through the Black Forest—Moreau. And many others then undistinguished, but who were afterwards to fill Europe with their fame and their deeds of prowess.

But a passing glance at some of the more prominent and renowned was all that Tone vouchsafed. Personal matters were pressing at his heart and absorbed his whole thoughts. What project was on foot? Was there really a determination to send sufficient aid to Ireland? and, if so, when, from where, and how!

Whilst these questions were revolving themselves in his head the door leading from the ante chamber was flung open and a herald cried:

"Citizen Tone!"

The animated conversation at once ceased, and for a moment Tone, so filled was he with his own thoughts, doubted the name that was called.

"Citizen Tone!" the herald called again.

Tone presented himself as the others fell back.

The herald beckoned him forward.

Passing the door, which closed after him, Tone entered the inner ante chamber and thence into a richly furnished room, where, under the soft light of a chandelier, sat at a round table, covered with maps and papers, two gentlemen—one in uniform, the other not.

The latter was Carnot, who with warm courtesy stood up to welcome his visitor.

"You see I have not forgotten you, Citizen Tone," he said, pointing to a map of Ireland that lay on the table. "We have been discussing Irish matters, and we want your assistance and opinion."

He paused Tone bowed.

"This is General Hardy."

Tone saluted the General. He had never seen him before, but was well acquainted with his name.

"It is right to tell you, Citizen Tone, that there sails this day for the Irish coast an expedition under Gen. Humbert, whom you met with me last time. He is an able and energetic officer. The expedition is a small one, and the general sails for the western coast."

"The western coast!" repeated Tone distinctly.

"Yes; I should indeed have asked for your advice previously, but that the business here is so multifarious, and I was unfortunately unacquainted until this evening with your address. The reason it was dispatched there is this—I find from recent reports that have reached us from Ireland *via* Hamburg, that it is along the eastern coast"—laying his finger on the maritime counties of Leinster—"that the war of insurrection rages. Further, I find that the insurgents are being severely pressed. To make a diversion in their favor by causing the withdrawal of the royal troops, and to excite revolt in a district which seems quiescent at present, I have directed them to land here"—pointing to Killala Bay—"where there seems to be a capacious harbor and good anchorage. What do you think of the project?"

"I think it is ably designed," said Tone, much struck with the reasoning.

"I am glad to have your approbation."

"But," said Tone, hesitating, "but it is a very small force—small to send on such an important mission."

"I anticipated that observation. General Humbert brings with him but an advance guard. More could not be done in the extreme haste. General Hardy is under orders to sail as soon as ever he can from Brest with three thousand men, and effect a further lodgment on the northern shores—somewhere here," pointing to Lough Swilly. And General Kilmaine is to mobilize a further corps, as soon as may be, of some ten thousand men to effect a landing on the eastern coast as near the metropolis as possible. What think you now?"

"I think you have assured the independence of Ireland," said Tone, whilst his heart beat rapidly and exultantly at this magnificent intelligence.

"If there be staying power in your nation they shall get sufficient help."

"If there be," thought Tone, with a choking feel in his throat as the dread possibility occurred to him of the revolt being crushed out before even the first of these detachments could arrive.

"By the way, there is a young naval officer lately escaped from England. Do you know him?"

"Citizen Eugene Lefebre."

"Yes; he is a good officer I am told, and knows much about Ireland. Do you know where he is to be found?"

"I have only just parted from him."

"Very good. Tell him to report at once to Admiral Bompart, who will command the fleet. It will sail from Brest or from Camaret. Meantime—I suppose *you* would wish to go, too?"

"Go!" said Tone earnestly. "For two years I have been longing, yearning for the day to come."

"I see!" said Carnot, smiling. "You Irishmen are all so enthusiastic! You will, in that case, place yourself under Gen. Hardy's orders. You will have your present rank. The expedition will sail as soon as ready. Good bye! I am sorry I cannot discuss the matter further with you, but there is a large number of people waiting for audience. Once more—good bye, and success to the Irish cause!"

"Well, Citizen Tone—for I suppose Carnot has imbued you with thoroughly republican notions by this time if you did not possess them before," said Eugene, on his return. "What news? What says the brain-carrier of the French nation?"

"The news is capital," said Tone, pering the end of a cigar, as he prepared himself for a long smoke and chat in the highest of good humor.

"I am glad to hear it. We have had such a recurrence of calamitous information that a rift in the clouds is most opportune. The expedition has sailed!"

"It has."

"Where for?"

"The Irish coast."

"And with what intention? What does he think it will do?"

"Keep the insurrection alive until a large force sails."

"Right. Citizen Carnot—though my family is under but scant obligation to him—is a right vigorous worker for all that."

"Do you know him, then?"

"I might say he knows me anonymously."

"A rather indistinct knowledge, is it not?"

"I don't know that I could express the acquaintance more aptly. But that is of no consequence at present, for ——"

"On the contrary, it is of consequence."

"Ah, how?"

"He made inquiries about you."

"He did—eh?" exclaimed Eugene, suddenly.

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"That you were a capable officer, knew Ireland well, and requested you to report at once to Bompart—who is to be admiral of the next fleet."

"Oh, that's all—is it?"

"That's all. The information seemed to alarm you."

"Why, so it did, Tone. It is only the recurrence of an old sensation."

"It is the first time I knew you were subject to alarms."

"Why, my good friend, when one has lived for months—indeed I might say for years—with the dread of the guillotine on him, he is apt to be readily startled. I remember a time when a call, 'Midshipman Lefebre is wanted on deck,' seemed to be a forerunner of a journey to the Place de la Greve, and an introduction to Dr. Guillotine."

"You were not an *aristocrat*—were you?" asked Tone chaffingly, as he threw himself into an arm-chair and lit his cigar.

"I dare say they would readily impeach me as one then—rightly or wrongly. And so I am to report to Bompart?"

"Yes. Do you know him."

"Perfectly. I sailed with him to the Indies, where he knocked to pieces the English fleet, with two line of battle ships and two frigates. I remember the battle as if it were a thing of yesterday. But I ought. We ran out a broken mast from our vessel, *La Vengeur*, to the British 74, and our fellows raced like wild cats along it in their bare feet, and boarded and captured the Englishman. I wish you saw the scene on that deck when in the middle of the smoke that canopied the ships, our men leaped in. I fancy tougher work was never set to Frenchmen. It was cut and thrust of cutlass at close quarters, and I wager you more men died in that quarter of an hour's fight than ever died in the same size of space before or since. Yes, Bompart is not likely to pull down his colors without just and sufficient cause."

"Were you one of the boarders, Eugene?" asked MacNevin, whose interest had been aroused by the speaker's words.

"I was second on the mast, and first to leap on board. De Fourmieux, a brother middy, was first to race along the mast—they guillotined his father, a naval captain, in Paris, a few days before, but the poor lad never heard of it—and, a bullet striking him, he fell, before I could grasp him, between the two vessels. This mark will serve as remembrance of it (he pointed to the cicatrice on his temple), for an Englishman's cutlass left it there on that occasion."

"What experience of the world and of life you sailors must have!" was the admiring comment of MacNevin.

"It was no pleasant experience, I assure you. With the very atmosphere of France saturated with suspicion of treachery, with every French mind electrical with dread of betrayal, it was no joke to lose a battle or a ship. Court-martials made short work of defeated admirals, and every man, gentle or simple, on board was bound to do whatever lay in him to win victory. I tell you men valued their lives at little moment in these days. But we have been rambling away from the subject. When am I to report?"

"In the morning."

"But Bompart is in the Bay of Camaret."

"You will have to travel thither without delay."

"Well, thank heaven I am on active duty once more. Continued idleness here were nearly as bad as being on board the British hulks. And now, having heard the joyful news, I think I shall retire. I shall sleep more soundly tonight than I have done for a long time; the murmurs of the sea on the Irish coast will be in my ears."

"I wish it were really and actually in mine," said Tone. "It is odd that whilst everything was uncertain and changeful, I was strong in hope, but now that every thing looks promising I begin to feel chokeful of unrest and uncertainty."

"The result of too much anxiety, dear Tone. It is a feeling you should banish. When men have done their best they should leave the rest to Providence. It is not in man to control the future."

"Shall we see you again?" asked MacNevin, as Eugene prepared to depart.

"I fancy not. I have some calls and some little business to transact before morning, and the diligence starts at ——."

"We shall see you at ——."

"And the sooner the better. I wager you Bompart loses no time. Hardy does not. What a beautiful night—how bright the moonbeams fall on the bay."

GAELIC POETRY.

Slainte do'n Fhior Albanach.

In answer to a poem by "Sgiathanach" that appeared in the last issue of THE CITIZEN.

Maiseadh slainte do'n Albanach eneasda
Dúbhairt an fhirinne timcheall a thir';
Mo chreach nach bh-fuil mór-mhíte eile,
Dá chine chó fearamhuil 's chó fíor!

Admhuigheann sé rógaireachd na n-daoineadh—
Fealltóiridhe oics na nGaodhail—
Air shean-theangain uasail na h-Alban,—
Nidh do rinneadh gan cúis a's gan céill.

Tá na h-Albanuighe eosamhuil le *ostrich*(1)
A chuireas a ceann anns an g-cré,
'S a tóin mhór amuigh anns an spéir ghlain
D'a foilsiughadh a solus an lae;

'Nuair cuirthear a ceann beg a bh-folach
'Sí a baramhuil nach bh-feicfithear í (2)
Le súilibh aoin duine no beathach
Dá d-triallas anonn air an muigh!(3)

Agus measann na h-Albanaighe boga
'Nuair cuirthear a g-caint bun ós cionn
Go saoilfear gur leosan amháin í,
Le h-eigsibh(4) a's *savants* an domhain!

O a dhaoine neimhghlice 'n neimhchiallmhar',
Feuchaidh 'n poll ann a bh-fuil sibh anois,
Oir níos dúibhe bhur g-cáil 'gus bhur n-ainm
'Ná fód-móna tuata(5) 'san g-cis(5).

'Sí teanga na h-Eireann bhur d-teanga,
Acht diúltadh sin libhse fad ó:
Chidheann daoine an domhain mhóir bhur mailís,
'S beidh droch ainm orraibh go deo!

CORC.

1. The ostrich is said to be so stupid that when hard pressed by its pursuers it will bury its head in the sand, and think that its body is also concealed.
2. "Feicfithear" is the same as "feicfear," will be seen; "chidhfear" means also the same.
3. "Muigh," a plain; the same as 'magh."
4. "Eigsibh," dative plural of "eigeas," a poet or learned man.
5. "Cis," a large hamper made of osiers, used by farmers for packing turf; pronounced "kish." "Tuata," a countryman or laborer.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CALLANAN—Feb. 20, at Derrypark, Carrick-on-Suir, John Callanan, third son of Jeremiah Callanan.

LYNCH—At her residence, Magulresbridge, Fermanagh, Rose Anne, sister of the Rev. P. J. Lynch, C.C., Monaghan.

MCCARTHY—Feb. 24, Charlotte, wife of P. J. McCarthy, Solicitor, Bandon, and daughter of the late Cornelius Moynihan, St. Luke's, Cork.

O'TOOLE—Feb. 26, at Gullyhanna, county Armagh, Rev. Arthur O'Toole, P. P., Lower Creggan.

BURGESS—Feb 24, at Wood Park, Nenagh, Manley Burgess, aged 95 years.

BAYLY—Feb. 27, at Green Park, Kilmallock, Bessie, wife of Richard Bayly, J. P., aged 63 years.

BURKE—Feb. 26, Barbara Ellen, wife of William J. Burke, of Ower, county Galway.

HUNT—Feb. 21, Elizabeth Mildred Hunt, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Hunt, of Rockmount, county Waterford, aged 42.

BYRNE—Feb. 26, at Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying, Haroldscross, Andrew Byrne.

KELLY—Feb. 27, at Dunlavin, county Wicklow, Martin Kelly, aged 77 years.

MARTIN—Feb. 27, at her residence, Emily Square, Athy, Mary, wife of Patrick Martin, aged 34 years.

O'DOHERTY—Feb. 25, at Longstone street, Lisburn, Henry O'Doherty, at an advanced age.

RYAN—Feb. 27, at Stradbally, Daniel, 4th son of the late William Ryan.

GREENE—Feb. 20, at Knockane, Ballyclough, Elizabeth, relict of the late David Greene, and mother of Father Greene, Kilworth.

O'BRIEN—Feb. 22, at Churchfield, Clarina, county Limerick, Lillie, wife of Michael O'Brien.

SAUNDERS—Feb. 18, James, second son of the late Michael Saunders, of Friars' Walk, Cork.

COMERTON—Feb. 24, at No. 18 Charlotte quay, Cork, Nellie, wife of James Comerton.

BEATTY—March 1, at No. 18 Albert road, Kingstown, Alfred, eldest son of Patrick Beatty, aged 26 years.

DUNNE—March 1, at Loughbrowne Lodge, Curragh Camp, Kildare, John Dunne, father of the Rev. J. J. Dunne, Whitefriar street, Dublin, aged 79 years

GEARTY—Jan. 8, at Rosario, Argentine Republic, John Gearty, brother of the Rev. Richard Gearty, Sligo

FORDE—At the residence of his son in-law, Patrick Condron, Main street, Arklow, Andrew Ford, aged 78 years.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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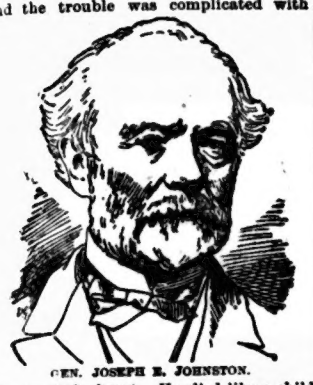
GEN. JOHNSTON DEAD.

Another Prominent Warrior Finishes the Fight.

ALL THE NOTED GENERALS GONE.

While Attending the Funeral of Admiral Porter Gen. Johnston Caught a Cold Which Finally Terminated in His Death—The Strong Friendship Which Existed Between Gens. Sherman and Johnston.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 23.—Joseph E. Johnston, the last of the prominent generals on either side during the civil war, sank to his eternal sleep Saturday night after 11 o'clock. He had been ill for some time, ever since Admiral Porter's funeral, which he attended, as he did that of Gen. Sherman. He caught cold, and the trouble was complicated with



GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

disease of the heart. He died like a child going to sleep, and the great change came on so easily that it was difficult to tell when life left the body. He was born at Cherry Grove, Va., in 1807, graduating with Gen. Lee at West Point in 1829. His career during the war is part of the history of that commotion.

Elected to Congress.

After the war he was successively president of a railroad company in Arkansas, of an express company in Virginia, and an insurance agent in Georgia. He was elected to congress from the Richmond district in 1877 and next saw public life as commissioner of railroads, which office he held under President Cleveland's administration. He had lived in this city since he lost his office under the present administration. In person Gen. Johnston was a man of slender build, of not more than medium hight, and with a kindly, pleasant face. His manner was very quiet and self-contained. He had a handsome intellectual face. His forehead was broad and full, his eyes blue, his nose straight, and a white mustache and short, white beard covered the lower part of his face.

Surrendered to Sherman.

He was a devoted friend of Gen. Sherman, to whom he surrendered. Gen. Sherman had for him an almost boyish affection. For several years Gen. Johnston was at the head of the bureau of Pacific railroad accounts in the interior department. His services there were well performed so far as the routine work was concerned. But when the agitators here began to move against the Pacific railroads to make them pay their indebtedness to the government it was felt that a more vigorous man should be put at the head of the bureau of accounts.

Attended Sherman's Funeral.

Gen. Sherman used to carry his hatred of politics to such a degree that he would never ask any of the government bureaus to grant him a favor. But one of the last favors that Gen. Sherman ever asked for any one was at the hands of the interior department. He was there in person and asked Secretary Noble if he could not retain Gen. Johnston as commissioner of railroads. The general said with characteristic bluntness that he was not in the habit of asking many favors, but this is one he had very much at heart. He thought that it was a kindness due to Gen. Johnston. There was no more sincere mourner at the Sherman funeral in New York than the former Confederate chieftain, Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia.

Secretary Proctor to Resign.

NEW YORK, March 23.—A special from Washington to The Herald says that Redfield Proctor, secretary of war, will shortly resign. The information, it says, is obtained from perfectly trustworthy sources and may be accepted as absolutely true. The reasons alleged for this action are that Mr. Proctor finds his business interests in Vermont have suffered greatly from the lack of his personal attention. It is also stated that another reason for the secretary's retirement is that he desires to be United States senator or to succeed Mr. Edmunds or Mr. Morrill, should either of them retire before the expiration of their terms, and his chances of working up the necessary support will be better in Vermont than in Washington.

Meeting of Cattle Men.

ARKANSAS CITY, Ark., March 23.—A large number of prominent cattle men from Texas, Kansas and Missouri held a meeting here Friday. Just what they decided upon it is impossible to learn, but the meeting was held to discuss the matter of leasing the reservations in the outlet and to conduct cattle operations on a larger scale there.

Small-Pox at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, March 23.—Last week smallpox broke out in the city hospital and thirteen cases have so far resulted. All the cases started from a patient which was carried to the hospital before the symptoms had developed. Friday one of the city work house prisoners developed the disease. All the prisoners have been exposed, as the man has been in the jail since Feb. 24.

He Was Hunting a Volcano.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., March 23.—C. T. Norton, author of the "Hand Book of Florida," and correspondent of The New York World, fell from a tree top on Wednesday evening in the swamps in middle Florida, while searching for the much-talked-of Florida volcano, and received injuries which will cause his death.

A Remarkable Case of Dropsy.

MONTICELLO, Ills., March 23.—J. Meredith, of this city, was tapped Friday for the 842d time for dropsy. This process has been going on for 1,165 days, the operation being performed every five days. There has been an average of fourteen pounds of water removed at every operation, or 2,948 pounds in all.

RUNS A SOVEREIGN STATE.

Governor Hogg, of Texas, Is Apprehensive of Federal Usurpation.

AUSTIN, Tex., March 23.—The state of Texas owns and runs a sugar farm, worked by convicts. Recently a bill was passed by the legislature to accept the 2-cent bounty under the McKinley bill. Governor Hogg vetoed it. The veto closes in part as follows:

"The state is soverign of her own affairs, and can not be disturbed in the legitimate exercise of her prerogatives. If she desires to raise sugar by convict labor, under no circumstances could she with propriety ask or accept from any government a license to do so. Nor could she yield to a supervision of her affairs by any officer not subordinate to her own laws.

It Would Never, Never Do.

"To do so in one instance would lead to another and finally to supervision by the federal government over the cotton-patches, wheat fields, stock ranches, lumber yards and factories within her limits. Precedents by government usurpation become stronger than law. The worse they are the more difficult to overthrow. When they are erected on the destruction of the constitution like this "bounty" act the wrong which produced them strengthens as the fruits of the crime spread until they become fastened forever on the people. For my part I shall protest and begin to strike now while the precedent is new. For no sum can the state afford to sacrifice principle or to imperil her sovereign rights."

Sensational Affair at Des Moines.

DES MOINES, Iowa, March 23.—Reuben S. Hatton, a book keeper in the employ of the Central Loan and Trust association, and an unknown woman, supposed to be from Kansas City, were found dead Monday morning in a room in the Oriole block, which was occupied by Mr. Hatton as a sleeping room. Death was caused by asphyxiation. Hatton lay disrobed upon the bed and the woman was clad in her usual wearing apparel. Empty liquor bottles were scattered profusely about the room, indicating that the dead persons be came stupified by liquor before the gas, which had been partly turned off, was extinguished. The affair has caused a great sensation, chiefly because of the high church and business connections of the dead man's relatives.

Woman Killed by an Icicle.

ST. PAUL, March 23.—An accident occurred at the chamber of commerce, corner of Robey and Sixth streets. Many people saw a huge icicle fall from the eaves on the north side of the building just as a young woman turned into Sixth street. Half a dozen men shouted to her to look out, but they were too late. The mass of ice struck her squarely on the top of the head, fracturing the skull in five places. She died at St. Joseph's hospital ten minutes later. She was identified by Harris Herbert as his wife. A man was chopping ice from the roof.

Worse and Worse for Woodruff.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 23.—The committee on treasury accounts, which has been investigating the shortage of ex-Treasurer Woodruff, has finally completed its labors, and filed a report in the house. The report shows the following shortages: Deficits questioned, tenders, irregularities, $69,228.85; shortage in state scrip, for which preferred scrip has been tendered, $103,131,99; school scrip erroneously burned, $197,385.91. Total amount to be explained and accounted for, $369,746 83.

Nominated the Ex-Chancellor.

BERLIN, March 23.—The National Liberals have officially put forward Bismarck as their candidate for Geestemunde. The announcement of the ex-chancellor as a national candidate shows that the National Liberals are by no means confident of his election, as by a possible failure they can then shift the defeat from their party. The calculation will probably be frustrated by Bismarck, who, should he be willing to accept the candidacy, would do so only if made sure of success.

A Treacherous Air-Hole.

BISMARCK, N. D., March 23.—Six persons have been drowned from time to time this winter in a treacherous airhole in the ice between Forts Yates and Winona. The latest victim is a Russian wagoner. The other unfortunates were David Atkins, mail carrier; a German and three soldiers. The heaviest snowstorm known in years has been raging on the Missouri slope since Saturday night, and falling steadily Sunday night.

Horrible Method of Suicide.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 23.—M. W. Moorehouse, aged 39 years, of Greenfield Hill, committed suicide by shooting himself. He took to bed with him a double-barreled shotgun and a razor. In the morning he sat up in bed, pressed the triggers with his toes and both barrels were discharged into his breast. Despondency over the recent death of his wife was the cause.

Halford Summoned to Florida.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 23.—Private Secretary Halford has been called to the bedside of his wife, who is in Florida, and whose health for months past has been poor. She is growing rapidly worse. Her illness is considered of a very serious nature and fears are expressed for her final recovery.

Life for an Italian Murderer.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 23.—Savino Radino, the Italian murderer of his countryman, Palo Binos, who was found guilty of murder in the second degree, was Saturday morning sentenced to state's prison for life. After sentence was pronounced he broke down and cried like a child.

They Know It Is Natural Gas.

MONTICELLO, Ills., March 23.—At a depth of about 900 feet in the artesian well now boring here a vein of natural gas was encountered, and the lowering of a light was followed by a tremendous explosion, severely burning James Smith, one of the workmen.

Death of Ex-Governor Robinson.

ELMIRA, N. Y., March 23.—Ex Governor Robinson, who has been sick for some time, died at 12:55 p. m. Monday.

A Missouri man has gone before the legislature of that state advocating the introduction and passage of a bill compelling the keepers of railroad restaurants to date their pies.

There is a proposition on foot in Seattle, Wash., to establish there a plant for drying the codfish caught in Alaskan waters and making Seattle the great distributing point for fish on the Pacific coast.

TARRED AND WOUNDED.

The Unpleasant Experience of a Minnesota Man.

TROUBLE GROWING OUT OF POLITICS.

A Defeated Candidate for Village President Makes Charges and Is Mobbed in Turn—An Editor Narrowly Escapes a Similar Fate—Foul Murder of a Negro on a Train—A Cowhiding Affair—Other Crimes.

DULUTH, Minn., March 24.—John Kinsella, who was given a coat of tar and wounded by revolver shots at Two Harbors early Monday morning came to Duluth Tuesday to swear out warrants for the arrest of the perpetrators of the outrage. Two Harbors is a village of several hundred people and the shipping port for the Vermillion mines. Kinsella was a candidate for president of the village at a recent election, but was beaten by H. M. Uray, a druggist. The contest was bitter and the outrage grew out of the election. It seems that Kinsella tried for the support of Superintendent J. L. Greatsinger, of the Duluth and Iron Range road, but was refused it. After the election he charged in The Iron Port, a newspaper there, that Superintendent Greatsinger had compelled the employes of the road to vote against him. This was denied by the employes, and also denounced by Mr. Greatsinger. Other articles appeared in The Port from Kinsella, and the bitter feeling became much more inflamed.

Terribly Maltreated.

Early Monday morning a mob dressed as White-Caps went to the hotel where Kinsella roomed, burst open his bed room, and dragged him out of bed, down the stairs, and to a barn distant about 200 feet from the hotel. Here he was beaten and several shots fired, one of which went through his hand and another through his thumb. He was afterward coated with tar, but managed to get away from his tormenters before the feathers were put on. He is in a bad condition. It is also said threats were made against the editor of The Iron Port and Saturday night the whole village was in a state of terror. Mr. Greatsinger was absent at the time of the mob's working and denounces the whole business.

MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.

A Negro Shot Down Because He Was Going to Oklahoma.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 24.—A planter claiming to belong to the first families of Louisiana boarded a train on the Valley Route railroad at Pulaski, near the state line. He said he was looking for a family of negroes who had left his plantation for Oklahoma and that he intended bringing the "D— black rascals back, or kill them in trying to do so." When the train reached Parkdale a well-dressed negro man accompanied by his wife and three children boarded the train.

Shot Through the Heart.

The planter told the negro that he was under contract to work for him during the year and that unless he returned at once to the plantation, he would kill him. The negro replied that this was a free country and that he was going to Oklahoma. With an oath the planter drew a revolver and shot the negro through the heart, killing him instantly. The planter then walked out of the train, and after assuring the many spectators present on the platform that that was the only way to break up the "D— negro stampeed to Oklahoma," returned to his home in Louisiana. The name of the planter is not known.

Suicide of a Murderer.

PUEBLO, Colo., March 24.—Sheriff McCarthy received a card from Sheriff Wilkinson, of Topeka, Kan., asking him to look out for a six-foot negro named Ben Grant, who is wanted in Topeka for the murder of his white wife on March 19. The sheriff located him in a shanty kept by a negro named Ferguson, and in the afternoon accompanied by a deputy the sheriff went to the place and demanded that Grant be gived up. Grant hearing the sheriff escaped by the back door and made speed across lots, paying no heed to half a dozen shots sent after him. Ten men joined the sheriff in the pursuit, when Grant, seeing he was about to be caught, placed a revolver to his head and blew his brains out.

Took It Out of His Hide.

WACO, Tex., March 24.—A sensational cowhiding occurred here when A. Solomon, a member of the firm of Lessing, Solomon & Rosenthal, which failed here a short time ago for $100,000, was soundly thrashed by H. N. McElroy, a representative of Atwood, Violett & Co., of New Orleans, one of the creditors. McElroy has been here for a week trying to get a settlement with Solomon, and succeeded in getting $17.50. He then bought a cowhide, and, hunting Solomon up in the street, administered a terrible lashing. He then telegraphed his house: "Have collected $17.50, and took out the rest in cowhiding Solomon." He was arrested and gave bail.

She Wanted To Be Cremated.

NEW YORK, March 24.—The body of a woman well-dressed and wearing a handsome astrakan cloak, black dress and turban decorated with feathers was found lying on the ground under a tree near the Fresh Pond cemetery at 6 o'clock Saturday evening and was removed to the morgue at Ridgewood. The body was that of a refined looking woman of about 45 years of age. In her pocket was an envelope addressed: "R. C. Riordan, Riverside flats, or Dayton and Montgomery's, Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, L. I." The letter directed that her body be cremated and was signed Annie S. Whiting. A bottle that had contained prussic acid was by her side.

Got Ahead of the Old Man.

DEKALB, Tex., March 24.—William Walls, a laborer, living fourteen miles north of this place, on arising in the morning told his wife to say her prayers, as he was going to kill her as soon as he had put on his shoes. The woman, to save her life, determined to take that of her husband. Stepping out to a wood pile she secured an axe, and returning to the house she buried it in the back of her husband's head, splitting the skull and killing him instantly, while he was putting on his shoes. The woman was arrested.

Three young men were poisoned by eating wild parsnips near Wilkesbarre, Pa. One may recover.

A REWARD OF $1,000

For Reliable Information Concerning a Missing Man.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 24.—William H. Shepherd, of this city, disappeared Jan. 13, 1891, and no trace of him has since been found. His family has offered a reward of $1,000 for information that will result in ascertaining his whereabouts and restoring him to his family, if alive, or which will prove his death and enable the family to obtain his remains with satisfactory proof of identity. He was 52 years old Oct. 31, 1890; gray hair mixed with some black; mustache was brownish red, but is now quite gray; weighed about 210 to 220 pounds, and was 5 feet 10½ inches tall; carried a fine gold watch and chain and heavy gold Masonic ring; watch and ring have name and address inside; dressed in mixed gray suit, dark overcoat and black derby hat; on his right arm is tattooed the goddess of liberty. Address any communication to W. C. Sheperd, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The Lawyer Got His Farm.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, March 24.—Henry R Gillespie went to Kankakee, Ills., before the war and purchased 2,200 acres of land. He prospered, and in a few years was worth $100,000. In an encounter with a man whom he caught stealing rails from his farm he killed the thief. He secured a criminal lawyer from Chicago to defend him, and after a long trial the jury disagreed, and taking the lawyer's advice he left everything and fled to Missouri, giving the lawyer a mortgage on his possessions for his services. Gillespie has determined to face the old charge.

Crazy for Want of Food.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 24.—S. M. Garrett, an attorney, was found in his office in Kansas City, Kan., a raving maniac by police officers early Monday. He was taken to the station, where it was found that he was crazy through lack of food. He is about 60 years old, tall and angular, with a long white and rather stiff beard. His office was used as a living-room also. His practice had dwindled to nothing. He was originally from Pontiac, Livingston county, Ill. He said he had a son living at Bloomington, Ill.

Lowly Death of a Rich Man's Son.

NEW YORK, March 24.—James Watt, son of Millionaire Watt, of San Francisco, was found dead in a 10-cent lodging house on Chatham square, known as the Grand Windsor hotel. Mr. Watt, who was greatly addicted to the use of chloroform, was for some time an inmate of the Bunting home for intemperate men, on Madison avenue, but disappeared from there about a week ago, and since then the police have been looking for him. His death was the result of his dissipated habits.

Mayor Shakespeare's Wife Insulted.

NEW ORLEANS, March 24.—A few nights ago as Mrs. Shakespeare, wife of the mayor, was entering her house she was accosted by two fellows, one of whom shook his fist in her face and told her that she would be tarred and feathered, her husband would be murdered and their house burned. This incident, coinciding with the threatening letters which the mayor and members of the committee of safety have been receiving, is only serving to intensify public opinion here.

The War in Chili.

BUENOS AYRES, March 24.—The latest advices concerning the situation in Chili say the condition of affairs there has become intolerable and that the end of the contest can not be far off. The governors of Caldea and of Tulteul have joined the insurgents. Both sides are massacreing every prisoner taken in the most cold-blooded manner. The overthrow of President Balmaceda is now regarded as certain in spite of the forces he has collected at Santiago.

One Million for Illinois.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 24.—There is $1,000,000 in the vaults of the treasury department here waiting for the state of Illinois to ask for it, but as yet no application has been made. The exact amount which the state gets under the act for refunding direct taxes collected during the war is $974,568.63, just a shade short of an even million. Thus, far New York, Indiana, Kansas and Missouri are the only states which have put in their claims.

An Experience in the Arctic.

WINNIPEG, Man., March 24.—W. W. Pike, an English explorer, has just returned from the Arctic circle where he has been for the past two years hunting musk-ox and buffalo. His party underwent terrible suffering in their journey, being lost at one time for fourteen days without any food. The weather was terribly cold, as for six months in the year, the sun never shines in that region.

Death of Charles F. Chickering.

NEW YORK, March 24.—Charles F. Chickering, the well-known piano manufacturer, died Monday evening at his residence, 5 Fifth avenue. Mr. Chickering was the gentleman who voluntarily turned over to the surrogate $300,000 left with him by the miser Paine, and which no one knew he had. This action was in accord with his lifelong course of the highest integrity.

McKinley at Worcester, Mass.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 24.—Ex-Congressman McKinley was given a hearty reception here. Many prominent Republicans were on the platform. Congressman Walker presided and introduced Mr. McKinley, who spoke at length upon the tariff issue. His remarks were frequently greeted with applause.

Terrible Death of a Young Lady.

ANDERSON, Ind., March 24.—Lizzie Bond, aged 20, while walking along the Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan railroad, stepped from the track to escape an approaching train. Her clothing was caught by the cars and she was dragged 100 yards, her brains being dashed out against the ties.

Col. Norton Will Recover.

NEW YORK, March 24.—The family of Col. C. L. Norton, of this city, who was reported to have been dangerously injured by falling from a tree while investigating a volcano in Florida, have received word from Tallahassee that Mr. Norton was not seriously injured and that he is now doing well.

Market House Burned at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 24.—The South Side Market house was burned at midnight Monday. Loss $100,000. Insurance not known. Assistant Chief Stewart of the fire department was injured about the head by falling walls.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The death of Theodore Faullain de Banville, the French writer, is announced from Paris. He was born at Moulin March 14, 1823.

Samuel Beacham, the colored murderer of George Warburton, of Lebanon, Ind., has been given a life sentence in prison.

The inter-state commerce commission announces that it will probably issue a call for a meeting of railroad interests and shippers to discuss the question of a uniform bill of lading.

The Penobscot Central railway is the name of a new road to be built which will give the Canadian Pacific an independent outlet to the sea through the state of Maine.

Ernest Eaton and John Irving were arrested at Red Key, Ind., Thursday night for robbing the hardware store of A. W. McKinney.

Mrs. William Baker, of Fostoria, Ohio, was burned to death Friday. She was attempting to kindle a fire with crude oil and the oil-can exploded. She was covered with flames and soon died.

The London Graphic says that Mr. Chamberlain has consented to act as British commissioner in the event of the United States government agreeing to discuss trade reciprocity with Canada.

H. P. McKnight, an attorney at Bowling Green, O., has been found guilty of obtaining $2,600 under false pretenses.

The mail-box thieves have been arrested in Saracuse. They had keys which opened mail boxes, and had secured thousands of dollars worth of drafts and checks before they were captured.

Prof. Felix Adler proposes the establishment of a "school of applied ethics" for the benefit of preachers and other public speakers.

The noted bandit, Guerdo Nevramont, who some time ago entered a jewelry store in Chihuahua, killed the proprietor, and robbed the store of a large quantity of diamonds and gold and silver articles, has been captured.

The first incineration north of St. Louis and west of the Mississippi river took place at Davenport, Iowa, Sunday. The remains were those of Otto Koerchert.

A 14-year-old girl who was sworn as a witness in a Camden, N. J., murder case said she had never seen a Bible before she entered the court room.

The best time made by any train is on the Great Northern in England—seventy miles in fifty six minutes.

The roof of the chamber in shaft No. 4 of the Consolidated Coal company's mine at Collinsville, Ills., caved in Saturday and one of the miners was smothered to death. His companions, six in number, had narrow escapes.

By Robert Ray Hamilton's will his brother's children will inherit some $300,000, and the bogus baby is secured a life annuity of $1,200. The counsel for Hamilton's alleged widow expects to bring suit for her right of dower, and, unless the court interposes, the fact that she did marry Hamilton will cloud the title of his real estate.

Cheap tinware is said to be very dangerous, the coating of the iron containing poisonous materials, generally antimony.

France spends nearly 1,000,000 francs a year in providing warm meals for the poor school children.

California seems to be a lucky state. Natural gas has been discovered three miles from Vallejo.

Professor Charles Moss, of the Wesleyan university, has accepted the Greek professorship in the Illinois university at Champaign.

The man who hauled the first load of sand in building the Polk county, Iowa, penitentiary, has just been sentenced to that institution for six months.

Virus taken from hares is being experimented with in France, and thus far it has been found to work equally well for the purposes of vaccination as virus taken from calves.

Cork covering for steam pipes has proved very successful in England, and in some cases it has been found to make a difference of 100 to 124 degrees from the temperature of uncovered pipes.

Alaska is now the roomiest of our territories. It contains eighteen square miles for each inhabitant. Its population consists of 22,135 natives, 4,419 whites, 2,215 Chinese, 82 blacks and 1,568 half breeds of uncertain paternity.

Hewitt & Champion, a boot and shoe firm which has been doing a business at Ypsilanti, Mich., for over thirty years, made an assignment Monday for the benefit of their creditors.

Nelson Greengrove, an old citizen of Decatur, Ills., aged 63, took a butcher knife Monday, went into an outhouse, and cut his throat from ear to ear. He was temporarily insane and will die. He has a family.

The Episcopal court that recently tried the Rev. Howard MacQueary, of Canton, Ohio, on a charge of heresy has announced that a verdict of conviction has been reached.

Church people in England are protesting against the queen's order that drawing-rooms be held on Wednesday during Lent.

The bodies of eight persons who perished during last week's blizzard in the south of England have been found.

Lieut. Reinisch, of the Austrian army, was rejected by Baroness Schouan and shot her through the heart, afterward killing himself.

Harry Hudson, who lived near Bishopville, Md., ate half a gallon of peanuts and won a wager. He will probably die.

Near Charles City, Iowa, Sunday night Mrs. A. C. Richards became suddenly insane, rose from bed, and killed her husband with a shotgun.

J. Oliver Pratt, a wealthy stock importer, died March 1 at his home in Glasgow, Scotland. His fortune of $60,000 was bequeathed to his betrothed wife, Miss Florence, of Paw Paw, Ills.

John Mooney, the noted desperado, was captured while sitting in his mother's house at Wheeling, W. Va., Monday.

Nearly 30,000 violent or sudden deaths occur every year in England calling for inquests, twice as many as the number of Germans killed in the Franco-German war, and for every violent death there are at least fifty accidents.

A Concordia, Kan., preacher had a valuable horse blanket stolen during the progress of a series of revival meetings. In a few days the thief was converted by the preacher's words and the next day returned the stolen blanket and confessed his sin.

Archbishop Walsh is now in Rome on a visit to the pope. His visit is said to be connected with the Irish situation.

At Silverton, Colo., last week five men were buried fifty feet deep by an avalanche. Three were rescued alive. At Crested Butte, Colo., three men were killed by a snowslide; it is not known just where.

Pennsylvania and Ohio coal miners and operators will meet in Pittsburg April 7 to fix a scale of wages to be paid during the coming year.

Patrick Kerwan, who was sent to prison in 1852 in Ireland for the murder of his wife, was released Tuesday after thirty-nine years' confinement.

The California Athletic club will give Mitchell, the pugilist, $2,000 for the defeat of La Blanche.

A motion for a new trial for Patrick O'Sullivan, now serving a life sentence in the Joliet penitentiary for the murder of Dr. Cronin, was submitted to the Illinois supreme court Tuesday.

Several days ago the Leadville, Colo., police arrested W. O. Pinkerton and Annie Snow on a trivial charge. Pinkerton turned state's evidence and took the officers to an alley where the woman and her pals had been hiding stolen goods. About $2,000 worth of property was recovered, including fifteen dresses and toilet cases.

The governor of Arizona Tuesday signed a bill exempting from taxation for twenty years all railroads built within three years.

Eddie White, of Greenville, Ills., blew into an "unloaded" shotgun. His physicians say he cannot recover.

Senator Peffer, of Kansas, on his way west next week will make a short visit to Logansport, Ind.

Cases brought to test the constitutionality of the McKinley tariff law have been postponed until the second Monday in October.

Commander in-Chief Veasey Tuesday issued orders for the observance of the silver anniversary of the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic.

S. E. Dow and Abner Graves, of Crawford county, Iowa, have brought suit against the Bradstreet company, each claiming $100,000 damages for alleged wrongful rating as to their financial standing.

In a Chinese smuggling case at Utica, N. Y. it was argued Friday that Chinamen may come from Canada to this country in rowboats, such craft not being "vessels" within the meaning of the statute. United States District Judge Cox held that "the law was broad enough to cover coming to this country by whatever means," but promised to give the question further consideration.

J. Clory, of the signal service, has volunteered to go to "Death Valley," in the southwestern part of the California desert, and make a study of the atmospheric conditions and phenomena.

When the Hearst funeral train passed through Wyoming a valise belonging to Will Hearst was stolen. The thief, a Pole named Frank Ritchie, was captured dressed in Hearst's clothes at Cheyenne.

At Chillicothe, Mo., Charles Smith of Bluemound township is charged by a coroner's jury with the murder of his 5-year-old stepson.

Dr. H. T. Godfrey, of Galena, Ills., has received a supply of Dr. Koch's famous lymph.

Chauncey Marble, a wealthy farmer of Marion county, Pa., was arrested Friday for counterfeiting. Dies and other tools were found in his possession.

Under charge that he bought for $500 his confirmation by the Boston aldermen, as a commissioner of public institutions, Vincent Laforme has resigned. He admits the accusation.

Friday at Fostoria, Ohio, Eugene Ritchart stopped work, entered his house, and shot himself dead. Cause unknown.

The Rev. Frederic Upton, the oldest Methodist clergyman in America, died at Fairhaven, Mass., Friday.

President Dillon, of the Union Pacific, Friday confirmed the report that the property was soon to be mortgaged for $250,000,000, to take up underlying liens and pay off the floating debt.

The Arkansas house has passed a concurrent resolution favoring the election of president, vice president, and United States senators by a popular vote.

The Nebraska house Thursday passed the bill appropriating $50,000 for the World's fair. It will probably go through the senate without a change.

Charles F. Smith, of Chillicothe, Mo., beat his 5-year-old stepson so badly that the boy died. Smith escaped just in time to avoid being lynched.

E. H. Sweatman, editor of The Cleveland (Ohio) Tribune, was arrested at Akron, Ohio, while selling copies of his paper, the claim being made that it was devoted to immoral purposes.

J. H. Peterson, traveling salesman for a Chicago tea house, will bring suit against the Chicago, Burlington and Northern for $10,000 damages because a conductor refused to accept his mileage book.

Philip William Peacock, a boy 18 years of age, was sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary at Watseka, Ills., for killing his father, William Peacock. The murder was committed near the village of Ashkum, Iroquois county, in May, 1890.

Edwin Booth recently declined an offer of $25,000, with royalties, for the story of his life and reminiscences. He replied to the publisher that five times the sum wouldn't tempt him, for he detested writing.

The Italian chamber of deputies, during the debate on the revised budget, voted confidence in the government. The vote stood 356 to 96.

A freight train on the Chesapeake and Ohio road struck a cow at St. Elmo, Tenn., and was thrown from the track. Two tramps were killed and Brakeman James Smith injured. The train was completely wrecked

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

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Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months..... 1.25
Single Copies..... 05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each..... 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MARCH 28, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Ship Ahoy."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Jefferson-Florence Comedy Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Herrmann.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Dr. Bill."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Roland Reed.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union —"Natural Gas."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"A Royal Pass."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets. — Patti Rosa.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"Spider and Fly."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sun-

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE IRISH NATIONAL OUTLOOK.

The situation in Ireland does not improve. Reports of mob violence by the partisans of both factions do not tend to elevate the Irish character in European or American estimation. It is the old, old story, and the unfortunate state of affairs is, of course, being used by the wily English enemy to still further point out the unfitness of the Irish people for self-government. Ministers of the gospel figure frequently in scenes of riot, and some of them have been subjected to more or less violence. All this is decidedly bad for the Irish cause the world over. Timothy Healy has a deep personal grudge against Parnell. He is using the Irish cause for the purpose of slurring his enemy. Mr. Parnell and Maurice Healy, Tim's brother, are in a quarrel over the respective popularity of each in the city of Cork. Parnell is challenged to resign and Healy promises to do the same, in order to test the matter. The unfortunate constituency will, of course, have to pay the expenses of the new election, that is of Mr. Parnell is foolish enough to take up Mr. Maurice Healy's little gauntlet. THE CITIZEN hopes that the former member of the Saxon parliament will not be so forgetful of his own dignity as to go into such a senseless contest. The struggle, whatever the outcome, will only invite further ridicule.

In the United States matters do not seem much more cheerful. Two of the parliamentary delegates sent out by Mr. Parnell are in hospital, victims of the grip. Mr. John O'Connor has been prostrated in Boston and Mr. Harrison in Philadelphia. They forgot their overcoats when leaving Ireland and struck our glorious climate in good season to make them respect its prowess hereafter. Mr. William Redmond is a "bird alone" in the East, and Mr. James J. O'Kelly is "spreading 'neath the nightless north experimental sails."

The whole Irish-American population is distracted over this last visitation from the Parliamentary party. They, as a body, like Parnell and would sustain him willingly, but they hate to give a dollar for any cause that may involve the prolongation of a faction fight. Most of them think, also, that the Parnellites have committed another tactical error in putting up a candidate for North Sligo, where a vacancy has occurred. That constituency is greatly controlled by the clergy, and most of the latter are opposed to Parnell. This is, most truly, a lamentable condition of affairs.

Reports from across the water say that there is another Fenian, or "dynamite," scare in England. It is all blather. The revolutionary element, both in America and Ireland, is rapidly coming to the front again, but it will stand no more nonsense. When it strikes, it will strike in a manner that England cannot mistake, but the time has not come. No sensible Irishman believes that Ireland can be freed by the occasional slaying of an English official, or by the explosion of a homeopathic dose of gun cotton in some old English ruin. There are bolder and manlier ways—ways that civilization cannot condemn—of bringing England to terms. The enormous mass of Irish people now living in every civilized land have resources at their disposal which England cannot afford to despise when the moment of her difficulty comes. Physical force is not dead. It is only a case of suspended animation. The quarrel among the moral force theorists has stirred it into life. It will soon be fully awake, and the present double barreled policy of fighting England will be definitely abandoned.

Most Irishmen do not reflect that the Fenian organization of 1865-7, which made church disestablishment and land reform possible in Ireland, was a comparatively small body of men, particularly in America, and it had against it at the outset, as resolute foes, fully three-fourths of the Irish people, and the bishops and clergy almost to a man. Yet it succeeded in bringing a majority of the Irish people into sympathy with its objects, and forced the Catholic hierarchy and clergy to let Irish politics alone for a full decade. Such an organization at the present time, when the Irish race has grown so strong, could wield an incalculable influence in the destiny of Ireland.

TIM HEALY'S GLASSES.

The O'Brien-Dalton "massacray" of Mr. Timothy M. Healy a few days ago at Cork, was, of course, a violent affair, but looking at it from the wiry assailant's point of view, it is not without its extenuating features. When Mr. Dalton was forced into the seclusion of one of "Her Majesty's" Irish prisons some time ago, he left outside a nation of hero worshippers, and Mr. Parnell was the man before whom all, from his grace of Cashel down to Mr. Tim Healy, burned lavish incense. That was very well and quite in accordance with Mr. Dalton's own frame of mind. But behold, after the lapse of a few months, when the prisoner is enlarged, he finds a state of things which bewilders him. He asks himself, like the person in the song, "Is these dreams? Is there wisions about?" But Tim Healy's voice on the platform in Cork was not a dream voice. With its notes of the crow and reed, and horns in foggy sea spaces, it was the unmelliflucus medium of volleys of "language"—directed against Mr. Healy's erstwhile "loyally" loved leader—that rasped alike the ear and soul of the newly freed Tipperaryman. In his dazed state, the glib Tim's gleaming spectacles seemed to wink like mocking imps as the croaking, virulent voice went on and on, and bye and bye when, hunted by the populace, the orator sought refuge in a hotel room, Mr. Dalton felt that if he could smash those spectacles he would find some slight relief for his over charged heart. The cable has told us the rest, and we can easily picture it all. The long, freshly liberated legs flying up the staircase after the short ones of the panting fugitive, the rush into the room which was so poor a refuge after all, the dash at the gas, and the millions of sparks before the "Lord Chief Justice's" eyes as he swallowed in one fell moment half a dozen of his own teeth and the fragments of his picturesque "glawsses."

"THE MENACE OF CHINA."

There seems to be a real craze about China among political writers of the present time. Some of them have got it into their heads that China is going to turn out a first-class warlike nation, in the near future, and that she will conquer, or attempt to conquer, half the world. About four months ago, the New York *World* had two whole pages taken up with an imaginary invasion of this country by China. The scene was laid somewhat ahead, for it is in the year 1920, or thereabouts, that, according to the sage of the New York *World*, America is to be invaded by a Chinese fleet and army of such untold numbers that even the hosts of Xerxes, would be a mere corporal's guard compared with them. Then comes a writer for the sober New York *Forum*, and in an article called "The Menace of China," he tries to show that the land of pigtails and washee-washees is bound to be the leading military nation of the world unless the great powers take immediate steps to prevent its growing thirst for money and conquest. It would appear that the scare about China is not confined to America, for some of the leading periodicals of Europe have recently contained articles of the most sensational kind about the future of the Celestial empire. The press of nearly all the European countries has lately contained articles about China, that show plainly that the scare about that country is not confined to any particular nation of christendom, but extends through them all. A recent number of the French *National Review* contains an article in which the growing aggressiveness of China is portrayed very clearly. The French writer thinks that it is Australia and America that will have to bear the first shocks of a Chinese invasion. He goes so far as to look on Australia as absolutely doomed, principally from the facts of its being so near China, and its possessing such a small population in comparison to the vast extent of the country.

The question to be considered is, if there be any grounds for this alarm about China. The enormous population of that country is well known. The wonderful perseverence and industry of the Chinese cannot be denied. But China has had an enormous population for a thousand years, and there are no proofs that the population is increasing at an abnormal rate. The Chinese have never been a warlike people. "Let me alone and I'll let you alone," has for many centuries been China's motto. The sensational writers say that China has not been let alone; and that in spite of herself, she has been forced out of her exclusiveness,—that the ideas and civilization of the West have been forced upon her, and that at last she has found out that to prevent herself from being overrun by foreigners, and from being in the long run conquered by them, she has come to the conclusion to accept their ideas, imitate their progress, and at last conquer them with the weapons they have put into her hands, and the ideas they have put into her head.

Looked at in this light, there seems some ground for being alarmed about China. That she has at last concluded to adopt Western ideas in military and naval matters is plain enough. She has at present some hundreds of Europeans drilling and instructing her army. These men come from almost every nation in Europe, and China pays them well for teaching her recruits European tactics. She is adding to her navy every year, and in a comparatively short time, will have a navy hardly second to that of a first-class European power. The maintenance of a million of soldiers would not cost her as much as America would have to spend on a hundred thousand. Her population is as great as that of all Europe and the United States combined. She possesses, apparently, everything to enable her to become the greatest military power in the world.

But appearances are often deceiving. China has men enough, but what is their quality, and can they ever be turned into soldiers such as the soldiers of the Aryian nations? These are the questions that will have to be distinctly solved before people will believe that China can ever become a menace to Chrestendom. If one can judge by recent events, the Chinese can never be a menace in a military point of view. When France and China were at war in 1884, China had as good a navy as she has now. Every one of her war ships was built in Europe; they are supplied with every modern improvement, yet the French, with an inferior force, destroyed most of the Chinese ships in one battle, and would have taken or sunk every one of them, had the Chinese ships not had a place of refuge near at hand, into which the French could not follow them.

Taking a calm view of the matter, there seems very little reason to apprehend any danger from China. The Chinese may be brave enough, and may know how to die with stoical indifference, but they are not fighters, never were such, and probably never will be.

THE MAYORAL FIGHT.

The political situation, considered from a municipal standpoint, is unique. There are, at least, five Richmonds in the field. Tommy Morgan is the mayoral candidate of the Socialists and their allies; Elmer Washburn heads the United Order of Deputies, the Patriotic Sons of America, the Orangemen and the ragtag and bobtail of the bigots of the community. Elmer, personally, is not a bigot, at least so far as our knowledge extends, but most of his followers would disfranchise every Irishman and Catholic in the city. Mr. Elmer Washburn cannot expect to get the votes of self respecting foreign born citizens, or of liberal native born citizens, under the circumstances.

DeWitt C. Cregier is the regular Democratic nominee. He has held the office of mayor for nearly two years; and, already, he has succeeded in raising a storm about his ears in his own party. He is beset by difficulties, and is doomed to slaughter in the house of his friends.

Carter H. Harrison has resurrected his stuffed eagle from the cobwebs of inertia and is out screaming and soaring on all the platforms of the city in his own behalf. He has been nominated by a section of the Democratic party and has the indorsement of "Owld Hesing" and the Personal Rights League.

Hempstead Washburne, ex city attorney, is in the field as the Republican candidate. The Knownothings hate him because he is friendly to the Irish and has married a Catholic wife. He escorts Mrs. Washburne, like a dutiful husband, to high mass at the Cathedral of the Holy Name every Sunday. This is a terrible crime in the eyes of the bigots. All the organs of bigotry are howling at Mr. Hempstead Washburne because he has the courage to be polite to his own wife. What an idea his Knownothing enemies have of the principles of American liberty!

NORMAN T. GASSETTE.

Mr. Norman T. Gassette, one of Chicago's best known citizens, died suddenly of grip and heart complications at his residence, No. 3950 Grand Boulevard, on Thursday morning. He had been ill only a few days. Mr. Gassette was born in Vermont in 1839. He received a good education, and entered the Union army in 1861. He served continuously, with high honor, for three years. Afterward he was admitted to the bar. He held many offices of trust and emolument in this county, and in all displayed signal ability and unblemished integrity. His death is a great blow to his family and friends. As a member of the Masonic fraternity he held rank second to none. His wife and a son and daughter survive him.

CARTER HARRISON'S eagle has developed a good many pin feathers.

AT the Holy Family (Jesuit) church on Easter Sunday the music at the Pontifical high mass at 10:30 a. m., will be of a very high order. Hummell's mass will be rendered by a choir of sixty voices with organ and an orchestra of forty instruments. At the offertory Cherubina's Regina Cœli will be given, all under the able direction ship of Mr. Leo Mutter, the genial organist of the church.

IF Elmer's Knownothings could unite with the Socialists, the union might be called "a Morganatic marriage."

MR. HEMPSTEAD WASHBURNE'S declaration of principles at the great business men's meeting held at Central Music Hall last Saturday night, proves him to be a gentleman of broad, liberal and progressive mind. The doctrine of civil and religious liberty could not have been more clearly laid down, and his utterances on the platform since the Central Music Hall gathering have further developed his resolve to stand or fall on the right of every citizen to worship at the altar of his choice, and to marry the woman of his choice. Any action of a mob, or an organized body, against these rights is a crime against the Constitution, and is an insult to the great government under which we live.

MR. TIEDEMAN, the Republican candidate for city treasurer, would seem to have the field all to himself at present. Mr. Weiss, nominated on the Cregier Democratic ticket, has declared for Carter Harrison, but refuses to run on either Democratic ticket.

THE two prominent candidates for the office of city clerk are J. R. B. Van Cleave, Republican, and James C. Strain, Democrat. Both are very well known citizens. Mr. Van Cleave is now Col. Franz Amberg's chief deputy.

THE only good looking man, physically, among the Chicago Knownothings, is the Rev. H. W. Bolton, and he borrowed his good looks from Irish parents.

COL. C. G. MINOR, professional Knownothing, is out in support of the "Citizens'" candidate for mayor. With such support, Elmer is certain to be in the minority "by a large majority."

WHEN nature proves niggardly to a citizen in the matter of physical and mental gifts, he frequently attempts to hide his defects by bawling out "I'm a native American! Down with the bloody foreigners!"

OBITUARY.

MRS. J. H. ENRIGHT.

Capt. J. H. Enright, one of the oldest and best known of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago, sustained a great bereavement in the death of his beloved wife, Mrs. Ellen Enright, which occurred at the family residence, No. 1537 South State street, on the 21st inst. Mrs. Enright was in the 60th year of her age at the time of her death. She was born in London, England, of Irish parents, in 1831, and was married to Capt. Enright early in life. Four grown up children—two sons and two daughters—blessed the union. Mrs. Enright was intensely attached to the cause of Irish independence. Her patriotic husband, although more than three score years and ten old, still keeps alive the national spark that "seldom flags and never wholly fails." The funeral occurred on Monday, from the house to St. John's church, where solemn mass of requiem was offered up by the Rev. Father O'Brien. The church was crowded with mourners. At the conclusion of the religious services the honored remains were escorted by a large cortege to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest, amid the sincere sorrow of hundreds of relatives and friends. THE CITIZEN extends its respectful sympathy to the venerable Capt. Enright and his children.

MR. MICHAEL O'BRIEN.

The remains of the late Mr. Michael O'Brien, of No. 227 Ogden avenue, who died in the beginning of the month, were removed from the receiving vault at Calvary cemetery on Tuesday and interred in the family lot. Mr. O'Brien was born in Ireland, but had been a resident of America during most of his life. He was only 45 years of age, when his sudden and lamented death occurred. He was a highly respected citizen, a true Irish patriot, a steadfast friend and an affectionate husband and father. He made the business of house moving a life study, and was one of the most successful operators in that line of business in the city. Everybody who knew honest, single hearted Michael O'Brien loved him, and his memory will ever be green in the souls of his innumerable friends.

CAPT. JAMES HEANEY.

Another well known Irish American citizen has passed away in the person of Capt. James Heaney, formerly of the Sheridan Rifles and the Second regiment of Illinois Infantry, who died at his residence, No. 238 East Kinzie street, last Saturday, in the 58th year of his age. Capt. Heaney was born in Ireland, and throughout his honorable life was a devoted friend of the cause of Irish liberty. He was a man of pleasant manners, and had the sincere respect of all who knew him. Domestic afflictions—the premature death of his beloved children—pressed heavily upon him, but, no matter how great his sorrow, he was always cheerful, kindly and resigned to the divine will. The funeral occurred on Monday from the residence to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, and thence by carriages to Calvary.

REV. EDMUND O'SULLIVAN.

The Rev. Edmund O'Sullivan, S. J., of Creighton College, Omaha, Neb., died of consumption on March 19. He was in his 33d year, and been ill since the beginning of January. He was one of the most promising young priests in the Society of Jesus, and his death is a great shock to all who knew him and who appreciated his fine qualities of head and heart. He was the last surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. B. O'Sullivan, No. 496 West Twelfth street, this city, and his premature death has overwhelmed them with affliction. The funeral occurred from Creighton College to the cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre, Omaha, on the 21st inst. The Rev. Father Fitzgerald was the celebrant of the mass. Fifteen clergymen were present during the services. In the death of Father O'Sullivan, the Catholic church has lost a zealous missionary, and the cause of humanity and liberty a faithful friend.

MRS. MARY COHOLAN.

THE CITIZEN regrets to have to announce the death of Mrs. Mary Coholan, wife of its respected agent, Mr. James Coholan, who died at her residence, No. 155 Bunker street, last Wednesday, in the 55th year of her age. The funeral arrangements have not been announced as we go to press.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Parnell will deliver an address at Irishtown, county Mayo, April 19.

A correspondent of a Derry paper brings under the notice of the authorities who are responsible for the peace of that county the great obstruction caused on fair days by the preaching and singing of itinerant members of some new sect of religion, who carried on this unpleasant practice during the whole of last summer.

On April 20 Mr. Parnell will deliver an address at Ballina, counto Mayo.

Rev. Father Laurence O'Dea, O.S.F.C., paid a short visit to his native city, Kilkenny, after an absence of ten years in India, where he built a beautiful church in Simla, which will remain as a monument to his zeal and energy.

Rev. G. W. Healy, C. C., St. Finbar's, Cork, has been appointed pastor of Donerailie parish.

The firm of Henry Denny & Sons, Waterford, is to become a limited liability company. The capital will be $2,000,000.

Mr. John O'Donnell, J.P., Manorhamilton, has been appointed high sheriff for Leitrim. He is the first Catholic to fill the position for nearly a century.

James McQuaker, High street, Sligo, died on Feb. 28.

A round tower has been erected near Curraghmore, dedicated to the memory of one of Lord Waterford's predecessors (the "Mad Marquis"), who was killed while leaping his horse over the entrance gate of his demesne. The tower is about 70 feet high. The churchyard of Clonegam is the burial place of Lord Waterford's family, who are all buried, as they die, in single graves of about ten or twelve feet deep, and the interments take place at night by torchlight.

It is denied that the evicted tenants on the Clanricarde estate at Portumna have abandoned the plan of campaign.

Mrs. Nicholas Murphy, of Broadford, Limerick, died suddenly on Feb. 26.

Daniel Ahern a foreman at Jennings' magnesia factory, Glasheen, Cork, was fatally injured, while repairing the machinery. He died almost immediately.

At the Waterford city assizes Justice O'Brien, in addressing the grand jury, said there was no necessity to refer to the criminal business that was to go before them. There was absolutely no crime in the city at all. He was not to attribute the fact there was little criminal business to the existence of other tribunals capable of disposing of the usual offenses that happened in the heart of such a community. He attributed it almost exclusively to the fact that the city, in common with the county, was distinguished in a pre-eminent manner for the recurring absence of serious crime.

The residence of John La Touche, D.L., Harristown, was burned on March 4.

Rev. Father Morgan, P. P., Frankford, died on the 21 inst.

Thomas Greene, Manimore, county Louth, died on the 11th inst.

"New Tipperary," Cloomel, was to have been sold at auction March 16.

Mrs. Margaret Heffernan, Taghmon, died suddenly March 11.

On March 3 William Buchanan was for the third time conveyed, on remand, from Kilmainham jail to Virginia, and charged there before Mr. Crotty, R. M., with having on the night of Feb 2 murdered the unfortunate old man Reilly and his wife at Lisacopple. He was again remanded.

Mr. Gill, of the Bank of Ireland, Ballina, has been transferred to Castlebar.

The Monaghan spring assizes were opened on March 6 by Justice Gibson, who congratulated the grand jury on the fact that there were only six cases to be brought before them, and he was happy to say that none of them were of any moment.

David Donovan, Ballincurrig, died from the effects of injuries received by the fall of the stand at the Lisgoold races on the 10th inst.

Rev. J. Naughton, C. C., Kilglass, has been changed to Kilcummin-Erris.

Dr. Coen has been elected medical officer of Frenchpark Dispensery, Castlerea union.

A night porter named Patrick Foylan, employed by the Midland Great Western Company, met with a shocking death at the Athlone railway station on March 10. He was engaged in shunting wagons loaded with goods, when he was struck by the buffer of a wagon, and the wheels of which passed over his body, almost cutting it in two, and causing instantaneous death.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, the erratic, newly elected member for Kilkenny, has just been nominated to a governorship of the Imperial Institute, on the personal recommendation of the Prince of Wales.

The Gaelic language is reviving. In 1881 twelve pupils passed the Celtic examination in the national schools, 161 in 1885, and 531 in 1890.

The Swinford Catholic church was dedicated on the 15th inst. Rev. Dean Finn, P.P., V.G., is the esteemed pastor.

At the Ennis assizes John Moriarty was indicted for having, on Sept. 9, 1890, unlawfully taken away Mary Lynch, of Lissane. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

A horse fair is to be established in Carlow.

On March 6 Chief Baron Palles, in opening the county Limerick assizes, said that the county inspector had informed him that the county was in an eminently satisfactory state. Chief Justice O'Brien, in addressing the city grand jury, said that the city was in an equally satisfactory condition, only one recent offense having intervened to prevent his receiving the usual presentation of white gloves.

A light railway from Castlecomer to Abbeyleix is spoken of.

On March 3 the remains of the late Rev. Michael Malone, P.P., of Glyn, were removed from Saint Michael's church, Limerick, to Mount St. Lawrence, for interment. The deceased clergyman died at the Mater Misericordæ Hospital, Dublin.

The Very Rev. Canon Hughes, P. P., Lordship, county Louth, died on the 12th inst. Canon Hughes was a native of Forkhill.

At Donard on March 1 the people were called upon by the local branch of the National League to sign for or against Parnell as the Irish leader, and out of the whole Catholic population of that half of the parish—about 1,600 souls—only two signed against him.

Brother Carroll, a Cistercian monk staying at the convent of Mount St. Joseph, Tullamore, went to bathe in a lake in the woods adjoining the convent, on the 25th inst., and being taken with a cramp was drowned.

The largest sheep owner in the world is an Irishman named Duggan, of the Argentine Republic. He owns 600,000 of these animals.

Lord Chief Justice O'Brien said that in 1887 there were 273 persons boycotted in Kerry. In the present year only five.

On Feb. 27 District Inspector MacGee, Head Constable Soden, Sergt. Towey, and a number of constables from New Pallas Station proceeded to Lisowen, near Doon, county Limerick, and arrested Patrick and Denis Martin on the charge of wilfully murdering George Franklin, near Doon, about September, 1889. Shortly after the murder was committed, Patrick Martin was arrested and kept in jail for several weeks, but was subsequently discharged for want of evidence. The police, it is believed, are now in possession of very important evidence. Franklin was brutally murdered near his own house, his skull being smashed in with stones. The prisoners were sent to Limerick jail on remand for eight days.

John Purcell was executed in Kilmainham jail for the murder of Bridget Smith, an old woman, at the Naul. Purcell met his fate with great firmness.

An advertisement, bearing the signatures of the Rev. P. Bolgar, C.C., appears in the Leinster *Leader*, expressing deference to the manifesto of the bishops, regret for having done anything contrary to their lordships' wishes in voting in favor of Mr. Parnell at a National League meeting in Edenderry, and undertaking not to express sympathy with Mr. Parnell during the present crisis.

An inquest was held in Tullamore on the body of a young man named Clarke, who had died from typhoid fever, and in the verdict returned the jury expressed their belief that the numerous deaths caused recently by typhoid were due to the impure water supply of the town. The coroner thereupon stated that if the same verdict were returned in connection with another death he would issue warrants for the arrests of the sanitary authorities.

James Ryan, accused of being a Clare moonlighter, was found guilty at Sligo assizes, with a recommendation to mercy, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

The Leitrim assizes were opened on the 3d inst., when the grand jury was sworn for the discharge of fiscal business before the high sheriff. John O'Donnell, Esq., J.P., Larkfield, Manorhamilton. Judge Holmes complimented the grand jury on the peaceable condition of the county. John Gilmartin, indicted for the larceny of two heifers, the property of Anthony Cassidy, of Aughrim, North Leitrim, on June 19, 1890, was acquitted.

Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, M.P., visited his constituents, driving over from Strokestown to Boyle, accompanied by Messrs. Leamy, M.P., Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., and a number of his friends in Strokestown. The people of Boyle were expecting a visit from their representative, and the local band headed a deputation of the townspeople, who walked out some distance to meet Mr. O'Kelly, and when they met him they gave him a most enthusiastic reception, and expressed the feeling which is evidently unanimous in all Roscommon of a hearty appreciation of the services which Mr. O'Kelly has rendered to the electors. The members of parliament marched with the people through the town, and a meeting was held outside Morrison's hotel.

PARNELL AND KERENS.

[*The American Celt, Issue of February 26, 1891.*]

NASHVILLE Tenn., Feb. 26, 1891.—I call your attention to an associated press dispatch that appeared in the Nashville *Daily American* of this date, which I enclose to you. The dispatch reads as follows:

LONDON, Feb. 25.—Richard Kerens, one of the most prominent citizens of St. Louis, Mo., and one of the vice presidents of the World's Fair Commission, sailed today on his return to the United States. During the course of an interview previous to leaving this city, he said:

'It is certain that nine-tenths of the Irish in America, of all politics, are opposed to Mr. Parnell. The other tenth, composed of the noisy class, want to free Ireland by any means. No intelligent American thinks of the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. All that Americans expect is that Ireland should be allowed to manage her own affairs. Mr. Gladstone is venerated in the United States.' Mr. Kerens added that Mr. Parnell was violating the confidence placed in him.

Mr. Richard Kerens, of St. Louis, may be opposed to Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, but where is his authority for stating that nine tenths of the Irish-Americans of all politics are also opposed to Mr. Parnell? I think Mr. Kerens has erred in his statement. Instead of nine-tenths of the Irish people in America being opposed to Parnell, Mr. Kerens will find out that if there was a thorough canvass made among our people in America that nine tenths of our people are for Mr. Parnell, and the other "noisy" tenth, composed of the Timothy Healy class, are on Mr. Kerens' side. It is true that the nine-tenths of our Irish citizens in America who are true and as patriotic men as the lamented Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot and martyr, are with Parnell, because they think he is right. I am yours respectfully,

JAMES KILLELEA,
President of the Parnell Branch of Nashville of the Irish National League of America.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

[*From the Cork Examiner.*]

I have seen the ogling ladies of the pleasant
town of Cadiz,
And the wives of Caliph Sadiz, and his dusky
daughters too;
And Circassians glad and bonnie, with their
dimpled smiles so sunny,
And their red lips sweet as honey, and as
fresh as mountain dew:
I've seen many a Roman Flora, and a Florentine signora,
And an Indian squaw who wore a ring of gold
upon her nose:
And the nimble dancing Hessian, and the languor laden Russian,
And the blond-tressed blue-eyed Prussian,
and the pink-white English rose;
I have gazed upon the features of the most bewitching creatures
Of the handiwork of Nature's far as mortal
eyes have scanned,
But—I'll say it with precision—I have never
seen a vision
So entrancing or Elysian as the belle of Yankee land!

Oh, she rules the male creation of this het'rogeneous nation
With the pride and jubilation of an Amazon of
old,
For she follows every calling with a vigor quite
appalling
In her handicap enthralling for the silver and
the gold!
She's a lawyer or a doctor, a chemist or a proctor—
Yes, education stocked her with professions
not a few;
She's a peddlar or a bookseller, a clerk or a
bank teller,
Or any other "feller" who can get a job to
do;
Hear her strokes all light and lighter tapping
on her trim typewriter,
Or in spell-bound moments sight her in an
office in a store,
O'er each crib with airy pinion holding sweet
but sure dominion
Mankind's queen, and not its minion, where a
mankind reigns no more!

She must have a close affinity or a kind of consanguinity
With some top lofty entity of a prehistoric
stock,
For her gait is very queenly, and she gazes
boldly, keenly,
Yet supremely and serenely, as she trips from
block to block,
With a smile so coruscating, and so widely radiating,
That 'twould set all heart-strings beating as
they never beat before,
While a charming little dimple, peeping from
her chin, its temple,
Holds in charter of fee-simple slaves and
lovers by the score!
She has energy unsparing that could move the
Straits of Bering,
She has courage, she has daring, yet she's
business like and cool:
Oh, she makes a good stock broker, a "fireman"
or a stoker,
She's a potentate at poker, and she takes the
cake at pool!

She can lift the "leads" so ready, and with skill
so very steady,
That she's "foreman" now alread in each
composing room;
And elsewhere with toil unflagging, oh, her
dainty pen goes wagging,
At some dogs in office nagging, or giving some
a "boom";
All the busy-bodies court her, for she is a fair
reporter,
And she writes up fashion, sport, or boodle-knaves and cancus-rings,
Political economy, astrology, astronomy—
She quotes from Deuteronomy, and from the
Book of Kings;
For the sanctum is her bower, is her citadel
and tower,
And she reigns in pomp and power in all her
glory there,
Preaching, teaching, moralizing, satirizing,
dogmatizing
With audacity surprising from her editorial
chair!

In the classics she can chat, or her busy tongue
can clatter
In the Volapuk, and patter with a maximum
of cheek;
If you praise her skin of satin, you must do so
in the Latin
Which she, of course, is pat in, and she'll
answer you in Greek!
She's well versed in mathematics, in hydraulics
homœpathics,
She could teach you hydrostatics and thermapeutics too,
She can write a lovely sonnet—you may bet
your life upon it—
On a ducky little bonnet, or a patent leather
shoe.
She's a poet and a preacher, a scientist and
teacher,
And nobody can reach her as the analyst of
hearts:
Oh, she is a maid eclectic, for in logic dialectic
She's a bachelor esthetic, and a mistress of
the arts.

And when Columbia's daughter speeds o'er the
stormy water,
Her bright eyes bent on slaughter of a marquis, duke or earl,
All the green-eyed maidens shun her, but the
smiles of mankind sun her,
Saying, "She's a perfect stunner—is the dashing Yankee girl!"
And parchments grey and olden, to fights on
fields beholden,
Go down before the golden showers of her
dowry's store,
And she weds a lordly lion, some blue-blooded
knight and scion,
A Howard or O'Brien of the valiant days of
yore!
Though 'tis grand, the gollt autocracy of Europe's aristocracy,
Yet, oh, the moneyocracy of better things can
boast;
The queenly dames so charming, so coy and yet
alarming,
Who are ever eastward swarming from this
wondrous Yankee coast!

She scorns mere frivolity and girlish comicality,
She's one of nature's quality who strike the
vulgar dumb;
Speak not to her of blisses, wrought by Cupid's
naughty kisses,
Such joys she never misses while she chews a
chunk of gum!
Oh! to see the stately maiden, quite dudishly
arrayed in
A collar perfume-laden and a four-in-hand
white tie,
And a plaited shirt in splendor resting on her
bosom tender,
You would say such togs but lend her more of
beauty to the eye.
Let all nations bow before her, let the planets
rolling o'er her,
And a universe adore her, by a people's
praises fanned—
In her youth and old age hoary she's the theme
of song and story,
And she's crowned with golden glory—is the
belle of Yankee land!

CHICAGO, Feb., 91.

O'CONNELL'S TRIAL.

Dr. Russell, the great war correspondent of the *Times*, is writing his reminiscences; and the *Anti-Jacobin*, which has been allowed the privilege of making extracts from the forthcoming book, contains the story of how the young Irishman got first to London with the result of the great O'Connell trial in 1844 Dr. Russell says:

"Great preparations were made by the London papers for reporting the trial. Special corps of reporters were sent over by the leading journals. The *Morning Herald* dispatched a clipper steamer yacht, used, I think, for their Indian express, to Kingstown; and the *Times* engaged the Iron Duke, a virgin steamer of the City of Dublin company, of unequalled speed.

"Never was there a larger or longer display of black letter learning than there was at these trials—arguments on 'captions and indictments,' '*respondeat ouster*,' etc., and never, perhaps, were there more elaborate speeches, two among which were probably as brilliant as any ever heard in any court—Whiteside's and Shiel's. The first was the work of a great orator, delivered in the finest manner; it was sarcastic, witty, humorous, indignant and pathetic by turns, and having heard it I never could understand how or why Whiteside failed in the house of commons. Shiel's squeaky voice marred to a great extent the effect of his highly wrought and rather poetical argument; but the fact that I had in my pocket the MSS. of his speech discounted greatly more than his shrill tones oiled, in my case, the force of his moving appeal, and spoiled the ornate peroration of which after all he forgot the best morsel.

"The proceedings lasted five and twenty days, and on February 12 (1844) the case was concluded. I am persuaded that there was no one in court who ever had the smallest doubt of the result. Nevertheless the jury did not by any means decide in haste. The judges rose at five, leaving Mr. Justice Crampton to take the verdict. After the charge (one of the longest and ablest ever heard) was over, they retired, and remained out for hours, coming in occasionally to ask questions. I was very hungry, and stole off to get something to eat at nine o'clock, leaving messengers to report any event in court. The square and the quays outside the Four Courts were thronged with a multitude awaiting the verdict. Judges, counsel, reporters, audience, were making the best of their time to eat and drink, if not to be merry, and cars were in readiness to take them back from their houses or taverns the moment the jury sent to announce they were ready.

"The court was nearly deserted. There were some men in the seats behind the bar, the groups of women who had never moved since the judges took their seats on the bench; a few of the junior bar were watching for their absent leaders, and one or two of the seniors nodding in the Queen's counsel's row as if to keep in countenance the officers of the court, who were dozing in their seats below the deserted bench; but in the great hall there was a crowd awaiting the decision. Many thought there would be no verdict. They were not aware that the jury was composed of men whose views were well known to Mr. Kemmis. Suddenly I was called out by a summons to come to court. The jury was coming in. I was *in utrumque paratus*. The special train was ready at Westland town. The Iron Duke was lying at her buoy in Kingstown harbor with steam up. At Holyhead the locomotive and carriage were prepared for the run to London. At Westland row there was a delay. They had given up any expectation of the train being needed. The steam was blown off, the engineer had gone off to sleep or to beer, but at last the express rattled out of the dirty suburb and the whistles of the engine soon were disturbing the curlew and barnacle on the shore at Booterstown. I stepped out on the platform at Kingstown with all my baggage, a large note book full of caricatures and facetiæ, notes and observations, and a light overcoat in my hand. There was no one to receive me at the station—no boat at the stairs; but one of the police on the quay showed me the lights of the Iron Duke. The harbor was soon vocal with the name, 'Iron Duke,' and many 'Ahoys,' till just as I sank into hoarse silence a lantern was waved over the counter and an 'Ay, ay,' came shorewards over the water. Presently a boat came off for me, and as I stepped on deck of the steamer I was received with the remark, 'We gave you up after midnight and banked up, but will be off in less than half an hour.' One way or another an hour was lost ere we left Kingstown harbor; but the Iron Duke made a rapid run across the channel, and in a few minutes after landing I was on my way to London, the bearer of exclusive news to printing house square.

"I had been sitting all day and night in boots inclined to tightness. I was very tired, and as I tried to get a little sleep in the train, I kicked them off with some difficulty. I was awakened by a voice in my ear. 'Jump up, sir. The cab is waiting—not a minute to lose.' We were at Euston. The man who spoke was the *Times* office messenger. He saw my boots on the floor of the carriage. 'You get in and put them on in the cab. They're in a dreadful state waiting at the office.' How I did struggle with those boots. It is a most difficult thing to put on a boot in a cab in motion, but I persevered and got one on in less than half an hour. Then the vehicle stopped in a small square of houses one side of which was a blaze of lights from top to bottom. The messenger opened the cab door. 'I'll tell the editor you've come,' said he, and vanished through the door, outside which stood some men in their shirt sleeves. As I alighted one of them in my ear said, 'We are very glad to hear they've found O'Connell guilty at last.' I did not reflect—thought it was one of the office people, and answered, 'Oh, yes! All guilty but on different counts.' And then, with one boot under my arm and my coat over it, I entered the office.

"There was a hotel in Fleet street, to which my guardian messenger sent off a printer's devil to order a room, and to it I drove with my overcoat and boot *pour tout butin*, and slept till noon next day. My waking was not pleasant. A fiery note from the manager: 'You managed very badly. The *Morning Herald* has got the verdict. This must be inquired into.'

"It turned out that my pleasant interlocutor at the entrance to the office was an emissary of the enemy. By artful and audacious guesses, the hated rival was enabled to make a very fair announcement on Monday morning of the result of the great O'Connell trials."

AN ORGANIZATION OF VIPERS.

[*Catholic Journal of the New South, Memphis, March 14.*]

To those who believe that the spirit of Knownothingism is dead and that the bitter feeling against foreigners who have become naturalized citizens of America no longer exists among any portion of the native American element, we herewith publish the oath that every member of the American League is obliged to take on initiation into that organization. A copy of it reached us through a friend to whom it was sent in the belief that he was in sympathy with the movement and would become a member of the League.

THE OATH.

I, ——, in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses, do solemnly promise, declare and swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States and the State where I reside. I will keep inviolate the secrets of this organization; I will obey its constitution and laws; I will use my best endeavors to promote civil and religious liberty; *I will not knowingly vote for, recommend for, nor appoint nor assist in electing or appointing, a Roman Catholic to any political position whatever;* and in all my public and political action will be governed by the principles of this order; I will oppose all attempts to use the public funds for any sectarian purpose whatever and will ever maintain the great principle of one general unsectarian free school organization; I will never reveal any of the signs, grips, words, passwords, or other mysteries of this order, or the names of any of the initiated; I will always give a brother of this order preference in all matters of business, and also in my acts of elective franchise all things being equal. I will make prompt report to the chief recording secretary of every initiation made by me. I will advocate the principles of this order; I will use my best endeavors to initiate all true men, and in this way help spread the order; all this I voluntarily promise, declare and swear without mental reservation or any self evasion of mind in me whatever, so help me God.

[*Confidential*].

In view of the intolerant, persistent aggressive efforts of Romanists, their evident determination to control the government of the United States, and to destroy our civil and religious liberty, I desire to submit to you the following questions:

1. Are you a Protestant from principle and from choice?
2. Are you in favor of preserving Constitutional liberty, and maintaining the government of the United States?
3. Do you regard Romanism as the enemy of civil and religious liberty?
4. Is it not in your opinion, unwise and unsafe to appoint to civil, political, or military office, in this country, men who owe allegiance to the Pope of Rome, and who have sworn to obey him?
5. Are you in favor of maintaining the principles of one general unsectarian free-school organization?
6. Are you opposed to all attempts to use the public funds for any sectarian purpose whatever?
7. Are you willing to be governed by these principles, in your future political actions?
8. Are you willing to unite with others who hold these principles, and henceforth devote yourself to the protection and perpetuation of civil and religious liberty, and this great American Union?

CHARGE.

The steady encroachment of the Roman Catholic church upon those institutions of our country which we have so fondly cherished, and which we believe underlie the whole fabric of free government, have impelled us into fellowship in this order, which we trust Divine Providence will use as one of the instruments in His hands to effect the overthrow of that terrible power which has so long cursed the world. For your own security and the public good let your influence be felt in the advancement of Protestants rather than Romanists, to positions of political power, trust or emolument. As a member of this order seek to control party politics.

Then followed signs, passwords, etc.

As may be seen from the above, a desperate effort is being made by a certain anti Catholic element to deprive citizens—because of their religious convictions—of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. These men claim to be good and true Americans and yet they are banded together for the purpose of violating one of the most essential clauses in the constitution of their own country. They claim to be native Americans and consequently the only ones entitled to the full benefits of citizenship. Where did their forefathers come from? To sustain the allegations of their degenerate offsprings they, the forefathers, must have been Indians, for they are the only original Americans recorded in history.

No matter how true and honored a citizen may be, or how deserving of the confidence of the people, if he be a Catholic, according to the code of the American League, he is debarred from any political position of trust or honor. What a damnable organization this must be that advocates such infernal principles. Charles Carroll, Gen. Shields, John Boyle O'Reilly, Judge O'Brien, Gen. Sheridan, Daniel Doherty, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Meagher, Judge Moran and untold thousands of other Catholics could never have held positions of trust if these bigoted nobodies could have prevented it. What a mockery! What a disgrace to American manhood and American principles!

Illinois is now the hotbed of this organization of vipers and they are utilizing their full strength in the Chicago municipal campaign to prevent any Catholic being placed in nomination. There is only one sure method of uprooting this deadly evil and that is the remedy that Chicago applied to a few of the leaders of the Anarchist movement.

[The organization named by the *New South* is now engaged in fighting Hempstead Washburne, candidate for mayor, because his wife is a Catholic.]

Portrait of Boyle O'Reilly.

The Boylston Manufacturing Company, of Boston, Mass., has just issued a magnificent crayon portrait of the late John Boyle O'Reilly. The great merit of the picture is its speaking naturalness. It is not a picture—it is simply Boyle O'Reilly, the patriot poet, as he appeared to his friends in life. The address of the Boylston Company is No. 853 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

PERSONAL.

Capt. Martin Hayes, of the police department, is ill with the grip at his residence, No. 2445 Wabash avenue, and, for a time, he was threatened with pneumonia, but his splendid constitution asserted itself and he is now reported out of danger. Capt. Hayes is one of the ablest officers on the force, and has as many personal friends as any man in the city.

Mr. John Hollowed, No. 37 East Adams street, has gone on a southern trip, and will be absent from the city until about May 1. Mr. Hollowed is a popular man with all classes of citizens, and his friends will give him a hearty reception on his return.

To and from Chicago to Europe in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, Lake Shore office, 66 South Clark st, Sherman House.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Go and do likewise. If your whiskers are grizzly and unbecoming use Buckingham's Dye and they will look as when you were younger.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS 56 Warren-st., N.Y.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY
79 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

I CURE FITS

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., N.Y.

ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases, Constipation and Biliousness.

Easy Payments.

Ladies' Dress Goods. Gents' Suits, Overcoats, Watches, Diamonds, and Jewelry. Manufacturers' Agent for Furniture, Pianos, and Sewing Machines. Country Cash Orders Filled at the Very Lowest Rates. Boys' Suits a Specialty.

Jas. Clarke,
MANAGER,
Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

RELIABLE AGENTS ONLY WANTED for exclusive sale of a great Catholic work strongly recommended by the Most Rev. Archbishops and Rt.-Rev. Bishops. Good chance to right parties. Apply with references. BENZIGER BROS., 36 & 38 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.

H.R.EAGLE

Easter Bargains.

2 lb can Table Blackberries for	7 cents
Mixed Pickles, per bottle	9 cents
Chow-Chow, per bottle	9 cents
Tar Toilet Soap, per cake	5 cents
A 60 lb box Cream City Soap for	$1.89
Old and Dry Popcorn, per lb	3 cents
Large Popcorn Poppers, each	5 cents
A 4 quart Oval Hammered Tin Covered Bucket for	5 cents
Iron Spiders, each	13 cents
Handled Iron Griddles, each	9 cents
A No. 8 Iron Stove Kettle, each	21 cents
Iron Stove Pots, each	25 cents
Bronzed Iron Shelf Brackets, per pair	5 cents
Tin Jelly-Cake Pans, each	2 cents
Large Spun Copper Tea Kettles, each	95 cents
Swell-Handle Penholders, per dozen	5 cents
Applewood Pipes, Bent Stem, with or without covers, each	3 cents
7-inch Rubber Dressing Combs, each	4 cents
A 20 lb pail Pure Fruit Preserves for	$1.95
A Large Fat Yellow California Peach, per lb	19 cents
Sweet Chocolate, per cake	3 cents
A 2 lb can Roast Beef for	11 cents
Best Salad Dressing, per bottle	10 cents
Shoudy's Telephone Soap, full pound bars, each	3½ cents
A 2 lb can Bartlett Pears for	12½ cents
A 3 lb can California Asparagus for	4 cents
Large cans Mustard Sardines for	7½ cents
A bottle of Tiny Tim Pickles for	15 cents
A 2 lb can Preserved Raspberries for	12½ cents
A 3 lb can California Plums for	14 cents
A 3 lb can California Muscat Grapes for	15 cents
Mountain Condensed Milk (same as Highland) per can	10 cents
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for	$1.00
Quarter box finest London Layer Table Raisins for	68 cents
1 lb cans Alaska Salmon for	9 cents
A 20 lb Pail Pure Fruit Jelly for	69 cents
Swift & Co.'s Best California Hams, per lb	6¾ cents
1 lb packages Mixed Bird Seed for	2½ cents
1 lb package best Corn Starch for	6 cents
A 3 lb can California Table Peaches for	18 cents
A 1 lb wood box Rob Roy Smoking Tobacco for	23 cents
1 lb cloth bag Golden West Smoking Tobacco for	19 cents
A 3 lb can Sweet Wild Blackberries for	17 cents
Ko-Ko-Ine Washing Powder, per package	3 cents
Prepared Mustard, put up in cut glass Frappe Glasses, each	7 cents
California Dried Pears, per pound	10 cents

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Children's Set, Knife, Fork, and Spoon, all for	5 cents
Toy Police Lanterns, each	1 cent
5 China Allie Marbles for	1 cent
10 Polished Marbles for	1 cent
12 Glass Agate Marbles for	5 cents
A Job Lot of Pocketbooks, each	1 cent
Glass Inkwell, in Fancy Japanned Stand, each	8 cents

FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl....$5.68

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Golden Rod Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl....$5 08
Diamond Medal Patent Flour, per brl....$5.28
Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl....$4.98

FRUITS IN TINS.

	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1.50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries	19c	2 20
2 lb cans Table Peaches	20c	2 40
3 lb cans Finest California Tab'e Peaches	27c	3 10
3 lb cans California Egg Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Green Gages	12½	1.50
3 lb cans California Apricots	21c	2 40
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	13c	1.50
2 lb cans Gooseberries	12c	1.30

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2-lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1 45
2-lb cans Stringless Beans	7c	80
3-lb cans Baked Beans	15c	1 30
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1 70
3-lb cans Pumpkin	10c	1 00
2-lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	11c	1 25
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	9c	1 05
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2 00
Fine Small French Peas	16c	1 70
2-lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn	11c	1 25
This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.		
2-lb cans Paxton Corn	9c	1 05
2-lb cans Oneida Co., N. Y., Sweet Corn	10c	1 15

SOAPS.

33 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
22 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for	1.00
22 bars Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap	1.00
20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for	1.00
20 bars Best Family Soap for	1.00
100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for	5.00

COFFEES.

6 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for	$1.00
5 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for	1.00
4 pounds After Dinner Java, for	1.00
Good Green Rio Coffee, per lb	20c

TEAS---Japans.

BASKET-FIRED OR UNCOLORED.

A Good Japan, per lb	25 cen
A New Crop Japan, per lb	35 cent
A Pin Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per lb	50 cents

Oolong.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per lb	25 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb	35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, per lb	50 cents

Gunpowders.

A Good Drinking Gunpowder, lb	25 cents
A Moyune Gunpowder, per lb	35 cents
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Moyune Gunpowder, per lb	50 cents

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AV.

Furniture, Stoves,
Carpets and Parlor Goods.
HENRY STUCKART,
2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,
COR WELLS AND HURON-STS.
Beginners' Class, Monday Evenings. Advance class, Tuesday and Friday Evenings, admission 25c a person. Private lessons $1.00 per hour. Hall for rent for Balls and Parties. Sleigh parties received all nights excepting Saturday nights.
CLINE BROS., Proprietors.

FIRELIGHT.

Above the glowing embers
I hear the backlog sing
The music it remembers
Of some remembered spring;
Back to the branch forsaken
Return its jocund choir,
And in the chimney waken
A melody of fire.

Without, the storm is bitter,
The snowflakes fill the night;
Within the embers glitter
And gild the room with light;
And in the fireplace gleaming
The backlog sings away,
And mingles all my dreaming
With birds and bloom and May.
Woman's Journal.

MR. TESTER'S TROUSERS.

It is not very long since that young Jack Cockey went down by himself to Woodleigh hall, Dampshire, to spend a week or so with his Uncle Tester. Jack, who had only just left school, and was barely nineteen, did not look forward to his visit with much pleasure, for his uncle was a most crotchety and cantankerous old gentleman, of whom he stood in considerable dread. Indeed, he had only accepted the invitation from interested motives, the fact being that his uncle, who was very rich, had hinted his intention of defraying the expenses of Jack's projected career at Oxford, and as his parents were too poor to give him a university education themselves it was especially needful for him to keep in Uncle Tester's "good books."

Before he had left home on his dreaded visit both his parents warned him what a whimsical, crotchety old fellow his uncle was, and how exceedingly careful he must be in his behavior while at Woodleigh; for the old gentleman was apt to take offense at trifles which ordinary mortals would not even notice, and the smallest piece of carelessness on Jack's part might engender a fatal prejudice against him in his uncle's mind.

Fully imbued, therefore, with the necessity of being on his best behavior, Jack started off to Woodleigh. On arriving there he was not especially pleased to find that the only other visitors to the house were a few old fogys, contemporaries of his uncle and aunt, and as he sat at dinner on his first night, in company of these prim and rather antiquated persons, he felt decidedly like a fish out of water. Indeed had it not been for the presence of his cousin Lily—his uncle's only child—who kept him in countenance as far as youth was concerned, he felt that he should have collapsed altogether.

Youth was not Lily Tester's sole attraction either. She was pretty, kind hearted and companionable. And Jack found her society so agreeable that before he had been at Woodleigh three days he imagined himself, according to his boyish lights, violently in love with her. Of course he was too bashful to declare his passion in words, but he showed it by the silent admiration of his looks, by constant attendance at her side, and by continually fetching and carrying for her, and, in a general way, making himself as useful to her as he could. One afternoon, in her cousin's hearing, Lily happened to bewail aloud the fact that she had no means of procuring a new novel, which she was very impatient to read, from the circulating library in their neighboring town, as the horses were otherwise occupied that day and the servants were all too busy to be sent upon such an errand. Jack said nothing, but instantly determined to go for the novel himself. And having consulted his watch and seen that he should have time to get there and back before dinner he started off alone without telling anybody where he was going.

He reached the town all right and obtained the novel which Lilly wanted. But the walk took him longer than he had expected, so that, instead of being back at Woodleigh with a comfortable half hour to spare before dinner, he found that he had barely five minutes. As he hurried into the hall, hot and breathless, he met Lily on her way to the drawing room, dressed ready for dinner, and he immediately took the opportunity of giving her the novel which he had bought.

"Oh, this is good of you, Jack," she exclaimed, her face lighting up with a grateful smile, "to go all that long walk on my account. Why, you look as hot and tired as can be. I am afraid" (glancing anxiously at the clock) "that you have made yourself late, too. Oh, Jack, do you think you can possibly dress in four minutes? For papa is dreadfully particular about people being in time for dinner. And I should be quite miserable if you got into a scrape with him through serving me."

"Oh, I'll manage it all right," replied Jack. "My dressing won't take long."

And he ran off quickly up stairs to perform his hasty toilet, determined not to be late, for he knew that Lily had used no exaggerated phrase in saying that her father was "dreadfully particular about people being in time." Indeed, in the eyes of this crotchety and whimsical old gentleman to be late for dinner was something very like a deadly sin. And Jack, as we know, had strong reasons for keeping in his uncle's favor. He rushed, therefore, through his toilet at a breckneck pace, until he came to his dress trousers, and then he received a check. Something appeared to be wrong with the articles in question. They were so small and tight that Jack could scarcely get his muscular limbs into them. In fact, it was evident that they were not his own at all, but the property of somebody else who was very much smaller and thinner than himself.

"Hang it!" he soliloquized in a vexed tone, as he surveyed the tight and scanty garments clinging to his legs almost as close as fleshings, "those confounded footmen have made a stupid mistake and exchanged my breeches for somebody else's. I must ring the bell at once and have my own brought up, for I can never go down stairs in these things."

He leaned across his bed to pull the bell rope, which hung on the other side of it from where he stood. But, alas! the movement laid too great a strain upon the skin tight inexpressibles in which he stood encased. There came a loud crack, followed by an ominous sound of tearing. And Jack saw, to his no small dismay, that one of the seams had split right up the leg!

What the deuce was he to do? The owner of the trousers might—nay, certainly would—send up for them in a minute or two. And what a rage he would be in when he found what had happened to them! If Jack had been a few years older and gifted with a trifle more self possession, he would have regarded the affair as rather a good joke, and though he might have been a little embarrassed he would not have been seriously disturbed by it. But being a nervous, awkward boy, and very shy of the prim old gentlemen who were his uncle's guests, his accident caused him quite unreasonable agitation.

But there was worse in store. A minute later a knock came at his door, and a servant's voice inquired from the other side:

"Beg pardon, sir; but did you ring for your dress trousers?"

"Yes," replied Jack, hurriedly, making no movement to unlock the door. "Have you got them there?"

"Yes," answered the footman. "And I expect you must have got master's, sir, for yours had been taken to his room by mistake, and he can't find his own nowhere."

A horrible thrill of increased dismay shot through Jack at these words. The affair had seemed bad enough before he knew whose trousers they were he had split. But the fact of their being crabbed, crotchety Uncle Tester's made it a hundred times worse. What should he do? How should he manage to face the vials of the old gentleman's wrath, which would assuredly be poured upon him at dinner in the presence of all the other guests? This thought reduced the shy, foolish youth to a state of mind bordering upon frenzy. And almost before he knew what he was saying—certainly before he at all realized the consequences of his action—he had blurted out a desperate fib.

"No," he answered, "I have not. I have no dress trousers here at all."

The man did not seem convinced, however, until Jack had repeated his asseverations two or three times. Then he went away, leaving the youth's own trousers (by his request) on the mat outside the door. When he was out of sight Jack opened the door and hastily took them in, and pulling off his uncle's breeches soon invested himself in his own. The former he then stuffed in his portmanteau, which he was careful to lock. And putting the key in his pocket he hurried down to dinner in anything but an easy frame of mind.

He reached the drawing room a minute or two before his uncle, who soon made his appearance in a pair of morning inexpressibles, with a particularly sour look on his face. The old gentleman, being absurdly prim and punctilious about accuracy of dress, was more upset by the disappearance of his garments than ordinary folk would imagine possible. And as he explained to his guests the cause of his lateness and of his hybrid attire, he inveighed in no measured terms against the "damned idiot" who was to blame for it, and expressed his determination of "sending him about his business" as soon as he could discover his personality.

This threat, and the sour ill temper which his uncle displayed all the evening, quite frightened Jack out of any intention of confessing the truth which he might have entertained. On the contrary, he began to evolve desperate expedients for getting the trousers mended, and secretly restoring them to the old fellow's room; since, if the articles continued missing, there was no saying what steps their owner might not take to discover their whereabouts. And should they be traced to him, Jack—why, goodby to all his expectations from the avuncular quarter!

While he cast about in his mind for possible expedients, it occurred to him that he might seek the assistance of his Aunt Tester's maid, for she was rather a friend of his, having lived with his mother several years before she came to Woodleigh, and he felt sure she would help him to the best of her power. He knew where her workroom was, having been to it already to have little jobs of mending done.

If he went there that very evening, after dinner, when his aunt and cousin were busy down stairs with their guests, he should be certain to find her alone. He could take the trousers to her, tell her exactly what had happened, beg her to run up the split seam with a sewing machine, and arrange with her some method for the secret restoration of the articles to his uncle's dressing room. As no other reasonable, or even possible, course suggested itself, Jack made up his mind to adopt this one. And he escaped to his room after dinner on the earliest opportunity for the purpose of putting it into immediate execution. Unlocking his portmanteau, he dragged the wretched trousers forth. Then doubling them up into the smallest possible compass, and taking them under his arm, concealed as much as was feasible by his coat, he looked out to see that nobody was in sight and started along the passage toward the workroom.

He had not proceeded far before he became aware of some one approaching with a light in the opposite direction. At present the light alone was visible, the bearer of it being hidden from him by a bend in the wall. What was he to do? As he was carrying the trousers they were but imperfectly concealed, and any one meeting him with a light was certain to remark them. He must hide out of the way till the person, whoever it was, had passed. But where? A bedroom door on his right stood temptingly open. He darted quickly in, and concealed himself behind it. But, as ill luck would have it, his hiding place proved a decidedly insecure one. The bearer of the light, who, from the sound of rustling skirts which accompanied her, was evidently a woman, did not pass by the door. On the contrary, she walked straight into it! Jack's heart sank to zero, and a sense of appalling dismay overwhelmed him. Of course she would shut the door, and there he would stand helplessly and hopelessly exposed, with those miserable trousers in his possession. Escape was impossible. Nothing could save him. He was ignominiously run to earth.

If ever any one felt desperate Jack did so at that moment. The newcomer, however, did not shut the door, but passed on into the room, leaving it open behind her. Jack could see her as he stood shivering in his hiding place, and it did not add to his comfort to recognize his aunt. But he was conscious of a blessed sense of relief when he saw her making for a door on the opposite side of the room, which apparently led into another chamber beyond. She opened it and went in. Now was his chance to escape! Looking nervously out, and dreading every moment to see her reappear, he slipped quietly round the door and into the passage. Then, fancying he heard his aunt emerge from the inner room, he scuttled off on tiptoe to his own bedchamber as fast as he could run.

It was not until he reached that haven, breathless and trembling, that a consciousness of something missing came over him. He had not got the trousers! Terrible conviction! In the hurry and agitation of his escape from behind the door he must have dropped them. What on earth was to be done now? he asked himself in sickening dismay. Should he hasten back and make a desperate effort to recover them? No! His courage failed him at the thought. He should probably run into his aunt while doing so, and that would put the finishing stroke to everything. There was nothing for it but to let matters take their course. And wherever the trousers were picked up, whether behind the door or in the passage outside, there was, thank heaven! no evidence to connect their presence there with himself.

But in his existing uneasy and foreboding frame of mind, he felt it would be quite impossible for him to face the company again that night without exciting suspicion by his demeanor. So he locked himself into his room and retired straight to bed, though not to sleep, for he lay awake most of the night brooding miserably over this unhappy affair. Even the brief spells of slumber he enjoyed were disturbed by awful nightmares, in which a pair of black trousers, with a huge rent in them, were always the prominent feature.

Next morning it was with the greatest difficulty that he could force himself to go down to breakfast. For if the discovery of those wretched trousers, in their torn condition, was mentioned—as it was, of course, certain to be—he knew he should betray himself to the others by his guilty blushes. He therefore experienced the most relieved surprise when the meal passed without any allusion being made to them. No one even appeared to notice that his face looked pale and haggard, except, perhaps, Lily, whose eyes he several times met fixed upon himself, with a certain anxious interest expressed in them.

The day dragged on with leaden wings, and at every minute, in his uneasy guiltiness of conscience, Jack expected to be summoned by his Uncle Tester and ordered to explain his scandalous and deceitful conduct, but no such summons came, and at last dinner-time was reached. That, of course, was certain to bring the subject of the dress trousers upon the tapis, and it was with a heavy, miserable heart that Jack entered the drawing room at the sounding of the gong.

What, then, was his surprise to see his uncle standing on the hearthrug, incased as to his nether limbs in evening inexpressibles, and to hear him say to a guest, who had made a jocular inquiry on the subject: "Yes, a most extraordinary thing. They had somehow got folded away by mistake inside Lily's riding habit, and sent up to her room. She found them there this morning.

* * * * * *

After dinner, in the drawing room, while Jack was sitting by himself apart from the others, pretending to read, but really speculating on the extraordinary and inexplicable result of the trousers episode, Lily strolled across to him, and said in a low voice, with an amused twinkle in her soft, bright eyes:

"Jack, it was an awfully bold stroke of yours to leave those—those—well, I suppose there is no harm in the word—those trousers in my bedroom last night.

"Oh, I say, it was an accident really," grasped Jack, seeing that the girl had somehow mastered his secret, and that denial would be useless. "But was it your room where I left them? And how did you find out it was me?"

"By guess work," she replied, laughing. "I am rather sharp in putting two and two together. * * * Why and how you managed to split the articles I failed to conjecture; but that you were the culprit your demeanor last night and today has sufficiently shown me. When I found them last night on the floor behind the door of my bedroom I did not quite know what to do. But having slept upon the matter and confirmed my over night suspicions of you by observation at breakfast this morning I determined (with an arch look) to take the hint given me in so pronounced a manner. I therefore stitched up the split seam and took the garments to father's room, telling him that harmless little fib which you have heard him unsuspiciously repeat tonight. Now, Jack, don't you think I have repaid you for your kindness in fetching me that novel yesterday?"

"A hundred times over!" exclaimed Jack, his face beaming with gratitude and relief. Upon my word, you're a real brick, Lily!"

We may add that this episode of the inexpressibles, which had come so near doing for Jack with his uncle, really became the making of him, for it originated the good understanding which subsequently sprang up between the lad and his cousin, and in after years, when he had married Lily and succeeded to the bulk of the old man's fortune, he was always telling his friends the above story and impressing on them how he owed his prosperity entirely to "Uncle Tester's Trousers."—London Truth.

WHAT DISINFECTION IS.

PEOPLE GENERALLY DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE PROCESS.

Deodorants and Disinfectants Are Commonly Confused—Facts About So Called Harmless Preparations—Simple Rules for the Sick Room.

"There is a common error in the public mind which confounds the idea of odors with that of disinfection," said Mr. Cooper McGinn, chief clerk of the department of public health. "Whenever the question of disinfection arises deodorants and disinfectants should be removed as far as possible from one another in consideration. Disinfection is one thing and deodorizing another.

It is all very well to supply an odor that is agreeable in connection with the use of an agent which accomplishes its purposes as a 'germicide,' but the idea that substituting an odor of carbolic acid, or I might say 'attar of roses,' for any one of the indefinable odors or putrefaction results in the purification of the atmosphere upon which the two are borne is entirely fallacious.

"People do not think of using oil of peppermint, oil of sassafras or any one of the numerous agents whose pungency acts acutely upon the membranes of the nose, but they take it for granted that the carbolic or pine tar odors accomplish something different. They do not.

"The agents employed in disinfection which accomplish results are generally injurious, and are to be handled with care. Whenever a person tells you that he has a disinfectant which is absolutely harmless, then set it down that he is telling you the truth in every respect. If it cannot harm the human in any way then it certainly won't do any damage to the 'micro-organisms' it is intended to destroy. If you can give it to the children to play with, then the best thing to do with it is to put it in the sewer and look for something that is dangerous to the 'bacteria,' and which you can, under proper instructions and with an intelligence supposed to be superior to that of the infinitesimal enemy you are combating, use to destroy him.

ABOUT DISINFECTANTS.

"The unquestioned authority in the United States on this subject is Dr. George M. Sternberg, and the information evolved from his research, taken in connection with that of his colleagues of the American Public Health association, forms the text book which is followed by every health officer, health organization and intelligent practitioner in the land.

"He has told us of the misapprehension and the injurious consequences which result from such misapprehension and misuse of the term disinfectant. He cites as an example the use of sulphate of iron, a salt which has been extensively used with the idea that it is a valuable disinfectant, and he informs us that this salt in saturated solution does not destroy the vitality of disease germs or the infective power of material containing them, while, nevertheless, it is very valuable as an antiseptic, and its low price makes it one of the most valuable agents for the arrest of putrefactive decomposition.

"The health officer has issued a circular giving information in extenso regarding the methods to be employed in disinfection of various kinds, and this circular may be obtained upon application; but to give as briefly as possible an idea of what, in the information of the present day, it is proper to use in order to secure results in the work of disinfection, I cannot do better than condense from Sternberg about as follows:

"In the sick room, in case of diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc., the sputa of the sick can, and should be, destroyed by fire. Excreta may be disinfected with a solution of chloride of lime, made by dissolving the chloride in the proportion of six ounces to a gallon of water.

DISINFECTING THE SICK ROOM.

"Clothes can be thoroughly disinfected by boiling for half an hour in water. If the heated water is not at hand, the clothes should be immersed in a solution containing one dram to the gallon of corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), or one ounce to a gallon of pure carbolic acid, care being taken not to place the mercuric chloride solution in metal vessels, but rather in a wooden tub or earthen crock. This method does not apply to clothing or bedding which cannot be washed; this can only be properly disinfected by being subjected to superheated steam in a suitable steam disinfecting apparatus.

"The general plan employed in disinfection of the atmosphere, together with the surroundings in the room, is by means of sulphurous acid gas, secured by the combustion of sulphur. The sulphur, in powder or small fragments, is placed in a shallow iron pan (about three pounds for each 1,000 cubic feet of air space), which, after being moistened with alcohol, is ignited, all measures for thorough closing of every aperture in the room having been previously taken. In order to guard against fire, it is advised that the pan should be set upon a couple of bricks in a tub partly filled with water.

"After the room has been thoroughly fumigated the walls should then be washed with a disinfecting solution, such as that referred to for use in immersing clothes previously to their being boiled. There are any number of other agents employed in the field of disinfection, but this is about all I should consider it necessary to refer to.

"Prevention, it should be remembered, is better than cure, and cleanliness is certainly better than godliness in warding off disease that comes by means of infection."—Washington Post.

A Breath of Fresh Air.

Chicago Child (a few years hence)—Ma, mayn't I take a little walk in the suburbs.

Mother (to nurse)—Jane, dress little Nellie for a suburban walk. The Oklahoma air ship leaves in an hour.—Good News.



TAM-O-SHANTER'S RIDE.

"Yes," said he thoughtfully, puffing ring after ring of smoke into the air above his head, "Tam-o-Shanter's ride through the midnight wind with the uncanny witches pursuing him, was a strange fancy of Burns'. It always reminds me of a certain time in my life when I seemed pursued by every demon of disease. Indigestion, dyspepsia, almost constant sick headache, weak lungs, boils and ulcers, *everything* seemed to ail me, and my physicians had finally given me up as a sure victim of consumption.

You know, in Burns' story, just as the foremost witch was seizing Tam's horse by the tail, he reached the middle of the magic stream—and his pursuers vanished. Well, just as I was giving up in despair, a friend sent me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I took. In an incredibly short time my disease entirely vanished. To-day I am as strong as any man in the room—thanks to the 'Golden Medical Discovery.'"

Consumption is Lung-scrofula. For Scrofula, in its myriad forms, and for all Liver, Blood and Lung diseases, the "Discovery" is an unequaled remedy. It's the only *guaranteed* one. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you get your money back. It's the cheapest, Liver, Blood and Lung remedy, sold by druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

"Golden Medical Discovery" strengthens Weak Lungs, and cures Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections. Don't be fooled into taking something else, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit. There's nothing at all like the "Discovery." It contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion. As *peculiar* in its curative effects as in its composition. Equally good for adults or children.

NEWSPAPER WORK IN ENGLAND.

Active Reporters in the Small Places Make Pretty Fair Wages.

The most important perquisite for reporters is that known as "lineage." Daily newspapers, for example, have recognized correspondents in nearly every town of any importance throughout the country. A reporter living in one of these places, and connected with a local newspaper, may be appointed correspondent for a dozen or even more journals. All events of importance have, of course, to be attended for his own paper, and should anything occur of sufficient interest to justify notice in the papers he represents, he writes a report and forwards it by telegraph or by train.

From each paper he receives the cost of the telegram and is paid for his report at so much per line, varying in different towns between one penny and twopence per line. Some of the London papers pay as much as threepence per line, and in the case of matters of unusual importance or value the leading provincial newspapers will sometimes pay a like amount. By this means it is no unusual thing for a smart man to make as much as five pounds in a single night.

In a good district a reporter looks forward to doubling his weekly income by "lineage" alone. Even when not the recognized correspondent of any paper, he makes a considerable addition to his earnings by "lineage." Take, for example, an interesting event coming to the knowledge of the reporter some morning. He writes out a telegraphic message and wires a paragraph to the principal evening papers. A special reduced charge is made for press messages. Up to 6 o'clock in the evening seventy-five words can be sent over the wires for one shilling, and one hundred words after 6 o'clock for the same amount. Every repetition of the message costs twopence.

From each paper which inserts his paragraph the enterprising scribe receives half a crown or three shillings and sixpence, usually the latter sum. So, taking it that he sends his news to twelve newspapers, the cost of the telegrams would be three shillings and tenpence, and if the report were used by nine out of the twelve papers he would receive (taking as a moderate estimate that he would be paid half a crown by each) £1 2s. 6d. Deducting the cost of the telegrams it will be seen that he clears nearly a sovereign by the transaction. The risk is small, for any spicy item of news told in an interesting way is always welcome, to the evening papers especially. If only two papers were to insert and pay for his report he would still be a gainer.

In the large cities and towns there are men known as "penny-a-liners," unconnected with any particular newspaper, who make a decent income by keeping a watchful eye for items of news which may escape the observation of the ordinary reporter. Any terrible calamity in a district is a golden harvest to the scribes. A railway accident, colliery explosion or startling murder means pounds, shillings and pence to the reporter.

Another source of profit to the "Knights of the Pencil" is shorthand writing in the local law courts. In many towns the reporters are the only competent shorthand writers, and to their lot fall the shorthand notes which from time to time are required by solicitors and other people.—London Tit-Bits.

After the Apples.

A gentleman who some years ago had occasion to take a long journey through the Caucasus was accompanied by a servant and a guide, who told him many stories of the country—stories of danger and peril in that bear frequented forest land. Once Stepan, the guide, and a friend of his had observed an apple tree well laden with fruit, some seven or eight versts from their village in the forest. It stood unclaimed of man, almost the only relic of some prosperous Tscherkess village. Stepan and his friend arranged to meet at the tree one morning early and share the fruit.

When Stepan came near the tree he saw some one already engaged in throwing the apples down. Thinking his friend was trying to steal a march on him, the irate Stepan heaped all manner of abuse on him, and at last, getting no answer, fairly yelled with rage, and began to throw things into the tree.

Then the shower of apples ceased, and with a gruff snort a huge old bear came tumbling out of the tree, almost on top of the terrified villager. As usual in such cases, Bruin was quite as much frightened as the man, and shambled off as quickly as possible, leaving the apples to Stepan and his friend.—Youth's Companion.

Value of Honesty.

There is no compensation for lack or loss of honor. I have seen it tried again and again. There is no substitute for it. Whoever sells a fraction of it for wealth or preferment begins to inherently degenerate. The end is death. Can you measure or weigh that word when applied to the soul? Honesty, simple honesty, is the best policy in dealing with ourselves, with our children, with our neighbors, or with things. I remember that the physician in charge of one of the largest asylums for the insane said a few years ago in his annual report: "Above all things deal honestly with the insane. Do not on any account undertake to deceive them. A liar can only work mischief with a diseased mind. The truth may be hard enough for them to bear, but a falsehood is cruelty. They need trust and confidence. Faith in others is healing." I think this is a universal law. Be honest, especially to the young and the weak.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Just Plain Snakes.

A Pennsylvania man says he knows of a spot where at least 5,000 serpents are bunched together for the winter. There are no fancy snakes among them, but just common, every day snakes, such as blue racers and rattlesnakes, and he asks no particular credit for his discovery.—Detroit Free Press.

Barney and William Brown, on trial at Oquawa, Ills., for killing G. W. Hally last December, were found guilty and sentenced to thirty years in the penitentiary.

Thirty-three steamboats navigate the Congo river.

Petroleum has been found exuding from a stream in Oklahoma.

"THE HOUR OF SUNSET."

A Revolutionary Relic Which Barely Escaped the Refuse Pile.

There was a new picture in the National museum of Independence hall—come, as it were, to be seen by strangers from far off lands—and there were faces there to see it that had only recently come to the shores of America. The picture of itself, its simple cardboard, little more than a square foot in size, its somber print, making a curious reflection upon its true meaning, seemed of no intrinsic value. It had held a place betimes among the cherished relics of a colonial estate; had been cast among strangers, to be finally rescued from the rubbish of an auction house to find final rest in the hall of all halls.

It is "The Hour of Sunset" on the Fourth of July, 1776. The members of the old Continental congress, having signed the Declaration, are seen in the act of leaving the hall. Hancock, distinguished by his dark dress, stands on the steps in front of the hall door, announcing to a friend that the Declaration has just been signed. Franklin is seen at his right, Jefferson leans against the right pillar of the door. Adams is conversing with Jefferson. Between their heads appears the face of Livingston, and against the left pillar stands Roger Sherman. These form the group on the steps.

Beginning then on the left of the picture, and counting every figure with numerals as a guide, may be discovered, first, a citizen of the day with the familiar Revolutionary costume; then Wilson, a signer; next a citizen, and in the order given, a Tory, another signer, a young woman and presumably her father, the Indian who bore the Declaration to the carriage of Washington, Thomas Paine, talking with Benjamin Rush and Robert Morris, both of whom were signers. Behind the heads of citizens are seen, and to the right is a crowd of patriots, Quakers, Tories, etc., eagerly discussing the nature and merits of the Declaration.

For about three years the picture, which bears the imprint of "Groome & Brightly," was in the possession of John A. Keell, a well preserved man of more than sixty years, who has lived in the quaint two story and slant house, with its snow white trimmings, for more than a third of a century. He was formerly with M. Thomas' Sons, auctioneers, where he lost many valuable relics in works of art by the fire which destroyed that firm's South street house, and latterly has been in the employ of Ellis & Shaw. It was during a sale by this firm of an old estate on Arch street, where "The Hour of Sunset" was offered and would not bring a song, that he himself withdrew it at the best bid made.

Then it lay in the office of the Chestnut street store until that house was closed, and all the rubbish being cleared out Mr. Keell remembered the ancient print and saved it from the ash barrel. He took it to the National museum, where he thought it rightfully belonged, as all his inquiries have failed to discover one like it, and there in the antique case on the west side of the room it may be found in an obscure corner.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Curious German Legends.

It is a belief among the German children that hares lay the Easter eggs, and the country children go to the woods shortly before Easter and gather moss, grass and twigs and form them into nests, which they mark with their names, and then skillfully hide these behind the bushes in the garden or under the large chairs or sofas in the library or sitting room. On Easter morning they go and see what the hare has brought.

No one knows exactly why the hare has been associated with Easter, though there are many pretty legends giving reasons, which are as fully believed by the little German people as the stories of the good Kris Kringle. The only difference is that one comes at the Christmas tide, the other at the Easter festival. Both are surrounded with mystery, but both are alike welcome, and are laughed about and talked about many times before the happy days come again.—Emma J. Gray in Good Housekeeping.

Nature's True Tonic.

One of the advantages of light gymnastics is that the sick and convalescent can make what appear to be trifling efforts, and by them in time be restored to active health. If too feeble to be practically able to make but little exertion, try what are known as deep breathing movements. Lie flat upon the back, take as long and as deep breaths as possible, and while the mouth is closed slowly throw the arms up in front and then at the sides. Rest for ten minutes.

Try again the same inhalation and exhalation of air, the latter being pure and fresh. After a while attempt the same sitting up. These exercises can safely be taken by the sick one every day several times, and the whole muscular system will be improved, just as if some revivifying tonic had been given, a far better one than any charged with alcohol or some like stimulant.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Way the Farmer Took It.

We are indebted to the clergy for some odd blunders. A country clergyman on a certain occasion chose for his text a passage from the Scriptures which had been variously interpreted, and on concluding his sermon he said, "These are the conclusions I have reached after the most diligent study, but I must inform you that the commentators disagree with me." He was somewhat astonished the next day to receive a big bag of potatoes with the following note: "Reverend and dear sir: You told me this mornin' as how common taturs didn't agree with you. I hope as how choice kidneys does."—Providence Journal.

The Last Desperate Resource.

Mother—Painting, music, singing; you have learned everything, and haven't got a husband yet. We must next try paper flower making and wood carving, and if that is no use, you will have to learn cooking.—Der Ulk.

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The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One bottle may not cure "right off" a complaint of years; persist until a cure is effected. As a general rule, improvement follows shortly after beginning the use of this medicine. With many people, the effect is immediately noticeable; but some constitutions are less susceptible to medicinal influences than others, and the curative process may, therefore, in such cases, be less prompt. Perseverance in using this remedy is sure of its reward at last. Sooner or later, the most stubborn blood diseases yield to

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"For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a drowsy, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least sudden motion causing me severe distress. Frequently, boils and rashes would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of friends and my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and continued it till the poison in my blood was thoroughly eradicated."—L. W. English, Montgomery City, Mo.

"My system was all run down; my skin rough and of yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely

Cured Me.

I presume my liver was very much out of order, and the blood impure in consequence. I feel that I cannot too highly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted as I was."—Mrs. N. A. Smith, Glover, Vt.

"For years I suffered from scrofula and blood diseases. The doctors' prescriptions and several so-called blood-purifiers being of no avail, I was at last advised by a friend to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now feel like a new man, being fully restored to health."—C. N. Frink, Decorah, Iowa.

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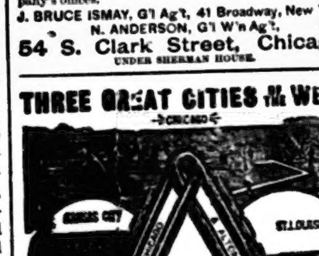
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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 168 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3628 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seneca, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2341 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Bengamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 156 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomneta, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Baier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Boyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fazel, C R, 155 Blue Island av; John Buggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 226 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph F Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P B Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in School hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 67 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Teemer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, RS, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, CR, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday.

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Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres. S Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec. Sec., S Chicago; M. J. McMahon, Fin. Sec.; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eiseman's Hall, South Chicago.

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Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2960 Deering st.; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st.; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., A. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Laflin sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 8 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres. James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av. V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert, Fin. Sec. Joseph W. Connell; Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett, 156 Sherman st. V.-P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec. P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham; Treas., B. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st. V. P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V.-P., M. J. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., James Dolan, Box 387 Pullman; Fin. Sec., Peter Tully; Treas., Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 251 N. Clark st; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; Fin. Sec., Michael Moore; Treas., James C. King. Meets last Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3830 Lowe av; V.-P., J. J. Burke; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Brien, 3203 Butler st, Fin. Sec., Patrick Quinn; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V.-P., Patrick Foley; Rec. Sec., Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st.; Fin. Sec., Patrick Crimmins; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday of each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.

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Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 45 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres. Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas., D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3525 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres., Luke S. Lyons, 198 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 314 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavel, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill Cent. R. R., South Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres. Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; fin sec, Thos Moran; Treas, Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Aarcher avs; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. L. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 3 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 33—Pres, P. H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

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Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N Carpenter-st

Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 42 Pine st.

Marshal, J. Doyle, 229½ E. Huron-st.

FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 681 W. Lake-st. Pres., William J. Lamey, 7 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 226 N. Wood-st.; Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas. Wm. Close; Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jas. E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 6, 1866. Meet at new hall 35 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p. m. President, David L. Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Barney Clyne; 2d V.-P., J. J. Barry. Sec'y, J. J. Hackett, 36 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & P. SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Noak, President, 96 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. Foley; 2nd V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 519 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Ass't. Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hayes; Marshal, R. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1870. Meet at their hall corner May and Eleventh-sts., the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. Pres., P. J. Doyle, 714 Loomis-st.; V.-P., S. Riordan; Sec., P. M. McCaffrey, 505 W. Twelfth-st.; Asst. Sec., D. W. Murphy; Fin. Sec., J. E. Cooney; Treas., J. W. Prinderville; Marshal, M. F. Carroll.

SACRED HEART T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets in basement of church, first Sunday every month at 4 p m. John A. Byrnes, President; John J Griffin, V-P; James W Griffin, Secretary, 839 S Halsted st; John Jennings, Ass't Sec; Patrick Griffin, Treas; James Lynch, Marshall.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY OF ST. PATRICK'S—President, J J O'Grady, 103 Emerson av; V-P, W J Anderson, Fin. Sec, Dennis L Harmon; Rec Sec, Thomas Garrity, 41 N Carpenter st; Marshal, Thos Roche; Sergt-at-Arms, F P Meehan; Spiritual Director, Rev P J Hickey. Meet second Monday and last Sunday each month.

ST. PIUS' T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized 1874. Meets the first Sunday of each month in School hall, corner of Ashland-av. and Twentieth-st. President, John D. O'Sullivan, 176 Moore-st.; V-P, T McEnany; Cor Sec, E Quinn, 664 W Twenty-first st; Fin Sec, Wm Devereux, 720 W Twenty-first st; Treas, John Foley; Marshal, Thos Meagher; Spiritual Director, Rev E Muldoon.

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ST. GABRIEL'S BRANCH NO. 210—Meet the first and third Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in school hall, corner Forty-fifth and Wallace sts. Pres. Austin J. Kilkenny, Transit House; V-P. J. C. White; Cor Sec. D. J. Pain 43d and Emerald-av; Fin Sec. J. F. Molony Treas. J. B. Hartnett.

St. Stephens Branch, No. 117, C. A. A., meets on the third Sunday of every month, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the reading room attached to St. Patrick's church, Desplaines street. The following are the officers for the current year:

President, Edward McCormick; vice-president, John Conway; recording secretary, Mark Sharkey, 846 North Wood street; financial secretary, M. A. O'Brien, 244 Waubansia avenue treasurer, Patrick Dolan, 236 North Clark street. All information regarding the association can be had by applying to any of the above.

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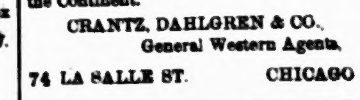
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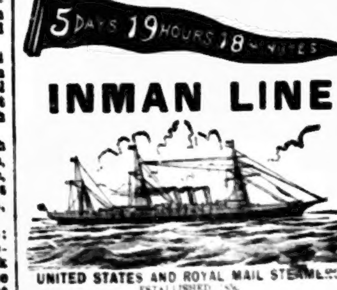
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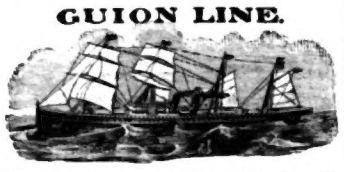
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LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BRADY—At Terenure, Michael Brady, aged 21 years.

FLOOD—March 2, Elizabeth, relict of the late Patrick Flood, Dublin.

FOX—March 2, at No. 7 Murray's cottages, off South Earl street, Dublin, Mrs. Elizabeth Fox, aged 41 years.

FEENEY—March 1, at No. 31 Lower Kevin street, Dublin, Patrick Feeney.

FITZSIMON—March 1, at Ballywaltrim, Bray, county Wicklow, Bartholomew Fitzsimon, aged 60 years.

LYONS—March 3, at No. 92 Marlborough street, John Lyons, eldest son of William Lyons, No 11 Whitefriar street, Dublin

GEOGHEGAN—Feb. 28, at Mardyke street, Athlone, Andrew Geoghegan.

MCDONALD—March 2, at Primrose Hill, Carlow, Michael McDonald, brother of the late Rev. A. McDonald, P. P., Mountrath, aged 71 years

MORGAN—At Frankford, King's county, Rev. C. Morgan, P. P.

MCMURRY—March 1, at Bray, Andrew McMurry, of No. 26 Lower Bridge street, Dublin, aged 67 years.

NOLAN—At Killerig, county Carlow, Margaret Nolan.

OTTERSON—March 2, at No. 9 Longford terrace, Royal Canal, Dublin, Samuel Otterson, aged 73 years.

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